



THE SKETCH.

No. 16.—VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



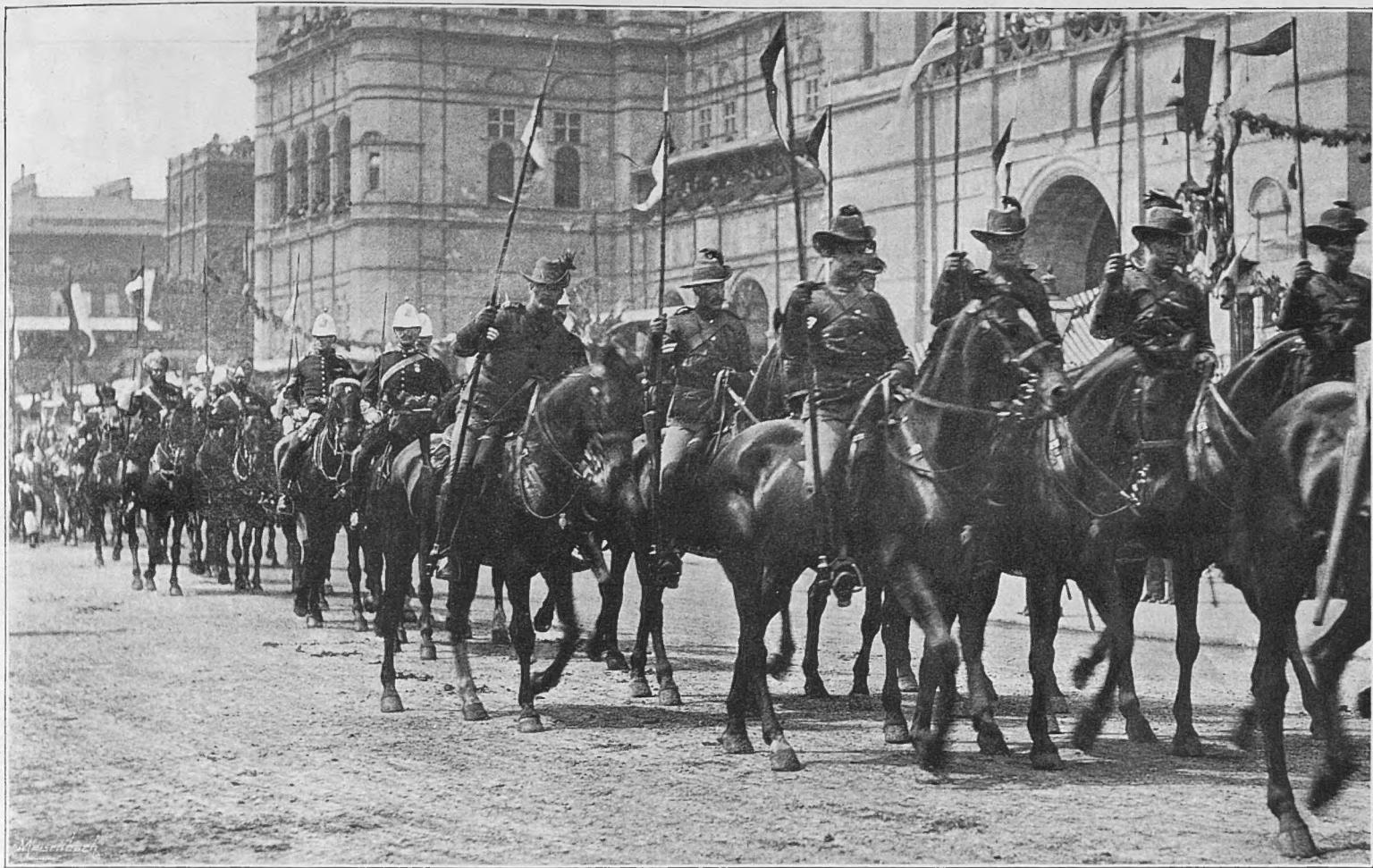
H. G. AWTHORPE PELL. May 1893

THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

"Oh! Mr. Policeman, will you find my friends for me? I've lost them, and they've got the tickets!"

THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

By Our Special Artist.*The Queen leaving the Grand Hall**Some Indian Visitors*



THE NEW SOUTH WALES CONTINGENT.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION EN ROUTE FOR THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.



CHIVALRY.



Goodwin.

DIDN'T SEE THE SHOW, BUT ENJOYED HIMSELF QUITE AS MUCH.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

In certain theatres you can trust to your audience, and the Comedy is one of them. You need not call a spade a spade, call it what you will and the people guess at once that it is a spade, and are pleasantly shocked in consequence. Out of a play like "The Great Unpaid," which, to the really guileless, is innocence itself, the first-nighter can conjure up the original in a manner which reminds one of the way in which Sir Richard Owen built up the plesiosaurus, or some other many-syllabled extinct monster, from a few old bones. So I think that the play ought to please all classes; for to the expert, while the dialogue may seem composed of jokes from the front page of the *Topical Times*, and the incidents may appear to have a familiar flavour, there remains the pleasure of reconstruction, and for the young man from the country there is a witty dialogue and a set of amusing episodes.

Which is the better system, that of the Paris Palais Royal or the Panton Street playhouse? In Paris the plays are frankly shocking; but, then, unmarried girls do not go to see them. This serves a double purpose; it keeps the girls in a state of doubtfully useful ignorance and aids in getting them to marry. For it is a fact of gravity enough for a Consular report that one of the reasons why Mademoiselle consents to wed a man for whom she does not care a periwinkle is that she is dying to go to the Palais Royal, to read "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé," and enjoy the other feminine privileges of emancipation. In England, of course, she is taken to every theatre, and, though she does not understand, she is "put on inquiry," to use the phrase of an equity barrister. Which is the better?

The play is funny, even if it drags a little at times in the burlesque law proceedings—perhaps one should not say "burlesque," since sometimes the proceedings before country magistrates are beyond possibility of burlesque. It never reaches an acute pitch of merriment, because the plot is rather thin—so thin, that at times Mr. Fred Horner seems to have almost forgotten its existence, and goes from one episode to another without troubling about the question of keeping the top spinning. In a work of this class there is no real crescendo of laughter, but a succession of little bursts, which put together make a total big enough to leave a decided balance to the good.

The acting is excellent. Perhaps the most noteworthy is Mr. H. V. Esmond's study of a music-hall artiste—the man fish. This young actor, who has yearnings for tragedy and gifts for comedy, has never done anything half so good before, and lifts himself to quite a higher class. Mr. Cyril Maude gives a wonderful old self-important magistrate with fine touches of humour. Mr. F. M. Wood is most amusing as a much-injured country bumpkin. Mr. H. de Lange, as usual, makes a hit by admirable acting in a small part, and Miss Mary Rorke shows that she has lost none of the charming gift for comedy by which she made her reputation.

Do you want to give your children a thorough lesson in French literature? If so, take tickets for the series of performances by the company of the Comédie Française at Drury Lane next month. The published *répertoire* shows works by half the writers that have made France famous. Corneille and Racine, whose works it is one's duty to admire respectfully—a difficult task for the poor wretches compelled to learn long pieces by heart at school—are to be represented, and Voltaire, whose name was once a synonym for "Old Bogey" in England, whose works were considered so wicked that to have a copy in your house would invalidate a fire insurance policy. Marivaux, whose novel "Marianne" was injudiciously chosen by Sir John Lubbock as one of the hundred best books, is in the list, and the brilliant Beaumarchais. "Hernani" is to be given, the play which, plus the red waistcoat of Théophile Gautier, was the oriflamme of the Romanticists' revolt, and created a stir that can only be likened to that lately caused by "The Doll's House." The two Dumas, of course, are down, the father—that fertile Colossus whom we all loved when schoolboys—and the son, whose earnest moral plays always shock Mrs. Grundy. Of course, Émile Augier, one of the ablest, noblest, and purest of dramatists, has his place. Among them is Armand Silvestre, a curiously Gallic type, a man who writes lovely poetry and every week also turns out three obscene tales under the title of "Les Joyeusetés de la Semaine"—such tales that one could not print here, tales that generally begin with a hundred lines of beautiful prose and then drop suddenly into stories like those told by old gentlemen at the clubs—in fact, into the very stories, for M. Silvestre picks up his subjects right and left, and I remember his using with its minutest details Chaucer's "The Miller's Tale," and making three stories of it, under the title "Poésie Teutonique." Molière, of course, is the backbone, and no less than seven of his wonderful works are to be given, most of them already well known in London. Coppée and De Banville will be played, and a number of others, whom I have not space to write about. It will be quite a liberal education to see such a set of masterpieces played by the world-renowned company.

E. F.-S.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"JANE ANNIE; OR, THE GOOD CONDUCT PRIZE,"
AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Once upon a time there were two girls, Bab and Jane Annie—it is a pity the latter was not simply called Jane, the rest of her name makes a big mouthful; however, she was not like Mr. Ross's Jane, who "begged to explain that she would not do it again," since Jane Annie hopes to do it again for a hundred nights or so. These two were at Miss Sims's Seminary for the "Little Things that Grow into Women"—that is the author's funny phrase for girls—and Bab was a model bad girl, while Jane &c. was a bad model girl; she was shamming good in order to get the good conduct prize. Now Bab had two sweethearts—Tom, a journalist, and Jack, a soldier; her affection, like ours, of course, was for

himself; thirdly, Miss Sims, who objected on principle to elopements for other people; and, fourthly, the University Proctor, who was not willing to allow Tom, an undergrad, to "go down" in such an irregular way. However, where there's a will—if it is a hypnotic will—there's a way, and Jane &c. hypnotised the lot into compliance with her wishes, so completely, indeed, that even before the curtain fell she and Jack and Bab and Tom had crossed the river and were bowling away in a cab to the grocer's to get a license to be married by a registrar in the workhouse—that is the way in which romantic runaway marriages are solemnised in these poetic days. Of course, I have not set out all the incidents in this eventful tale; have not told the love affairs of the Proctor and Miss Sims, nor recounted the Proctor's troubles with the set of budding journalists who want to interview him; have not mentioned



Tom, but she did not quite know which she preferred. She even decided to elope with Jack because he was better off than Tom. Luckily, Jane &c. stopped this crime, for in seeking the prize she played the sneak; and, since elopements were not included in the prospectus of Miss Sims's seminary, Bab's schemes were knocked on the head, and Jane &c. was rewarded with the prize. After winning the prize I am glad to say that Bab's betrayer turned thoroughly bad, and she had splendid gifts for badness, since she possessed the power of hypnotising people. It chanced that Jack, a fine young officer, made an impression on her heart, so she offered to help Bab to elope if she would declare to win with Tom, and though the dear girl was reluctant to give up either of her lovers, she consented.

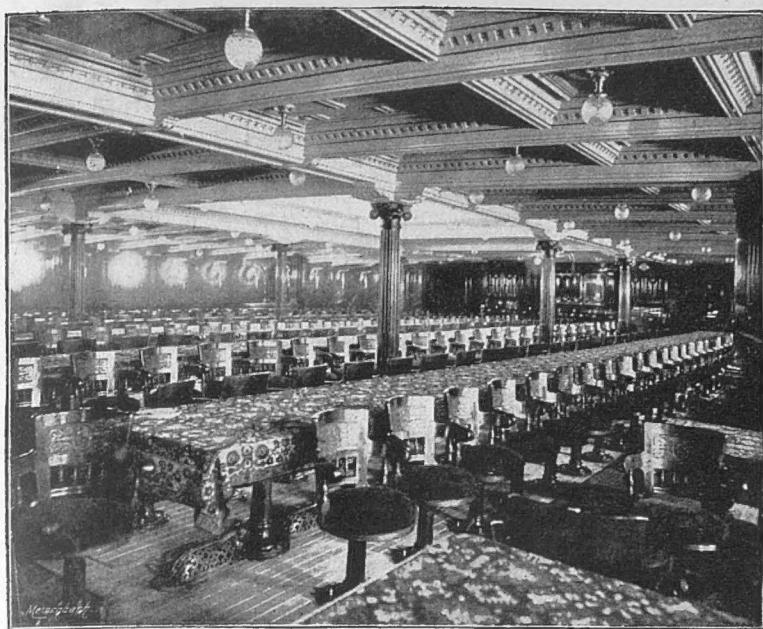
The plan of the bad model girl was remarkably simple: she willed Miss Sims into inviting the Press students, and also the soldiers of Jack's regiment, to afternoon tea with the girls, and also willed her to order two dozen of whisky and one dozen of soda for their refreshment. However, other obstacles existed. First, Caddie, who had the key of the boathouse—a boat was needed for the elopement. Now, Caddie was a bumptious page, eight or nine years old, who bullied the girls, and was desperately in love with the hypnotiser. Secondly, Jack, who was in love with Bab, and no one else, except

the fact that at one time he flirted with Bab, who, finding him in the way, got him into an arbour, gagged him with her handkerchief and bound him with her boa, thereby proving that those ugly things really are useful for other purposes than dirtying ladies' necks.

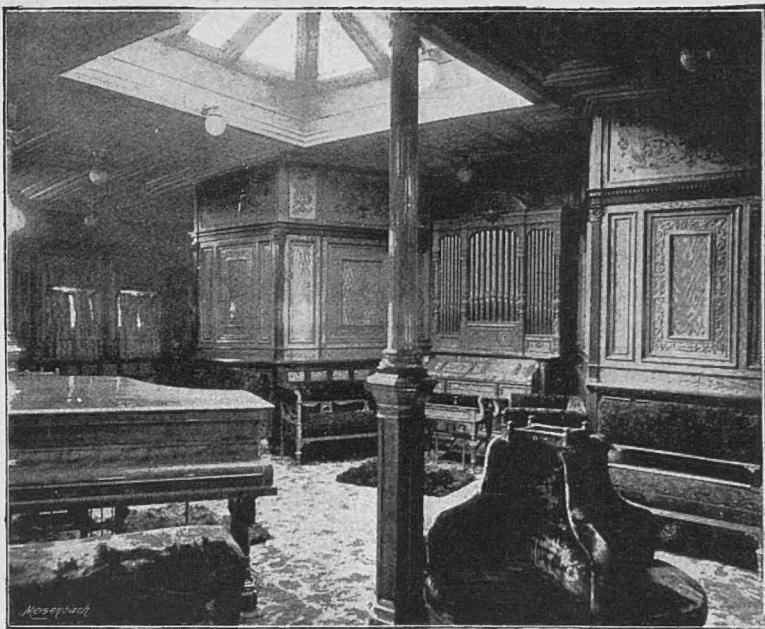
Mr. Ernest Ford's music is charming, and puts no heavy tax on the audience—in fact, the less that you have worried your head about the science of sound the more you will appreciate his pretty phrases and humorous setting of the comic songs that are to be found in the book. However, to speak without malice, his music is clever and effective, and he has written one ballad that threatens to be popular and a Gaiety skirt dance tune which I am afraid of hearing very often.

Miss Decima Moore is delightful as Bab. She acts with charming girlish gaiety, dances as if she enjoyed it, and manages her pretty little voice with great skill. Miss Rosina Brandram's singing is too good for the ballad that is her chief chance and proved to be her success. Mr. Scott Fishe is charming as Jack—not Mr. Ross's Jack, who "was off in a crack and never came back," but a gay young soldier with a pleasing voice. All sorts of kind things may be said truly of Mr. Rutland Barrington, and Messrs. Gridley and Passmore. Mr. Harry Rignold, too, a very clever boy actor, must be named.

E. F.-S.



DINING SALOON.

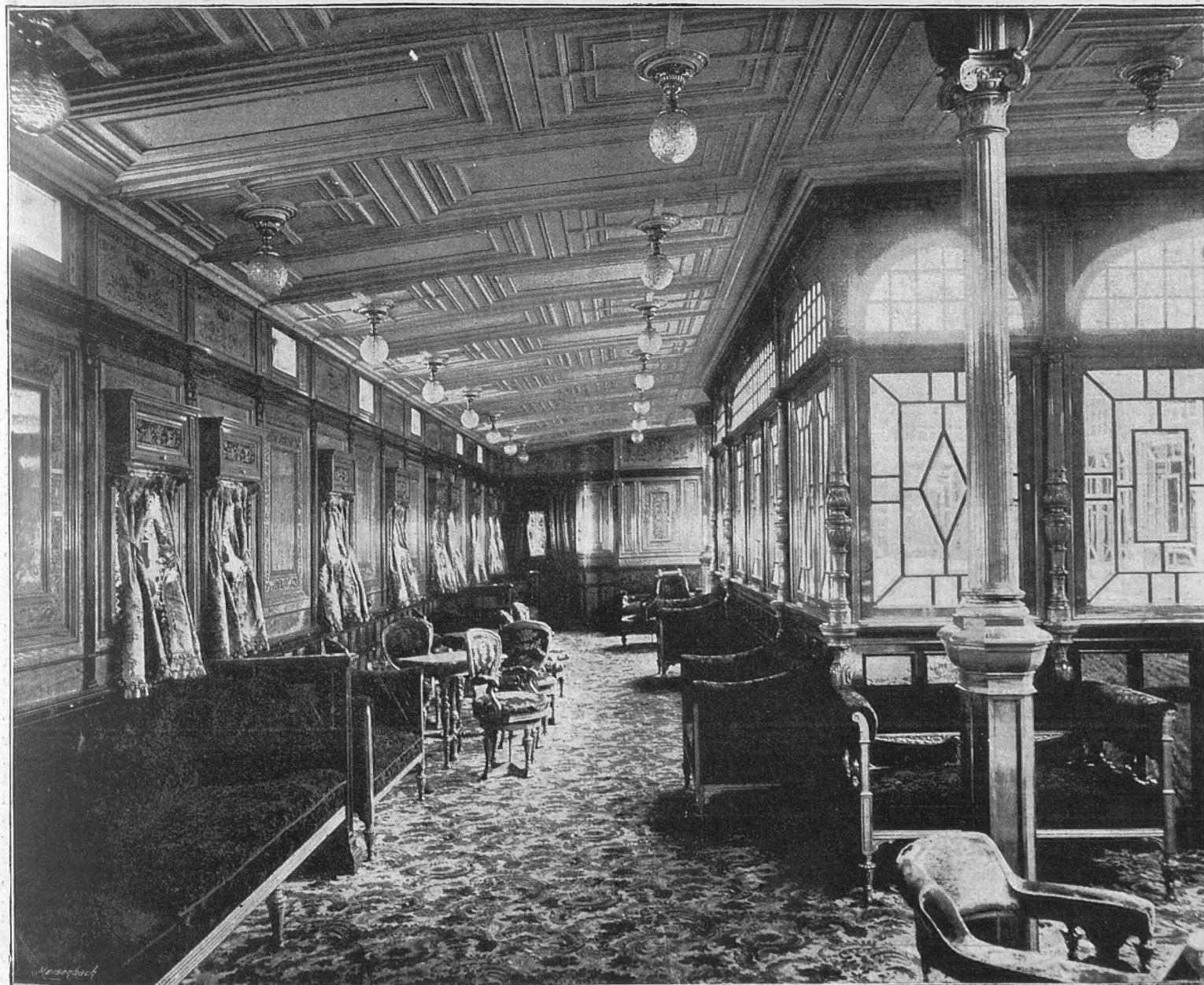


MUSIC ROOM : ORGAN AND PIANO END.

THE CAMPANIA—TWO ATLANTIC RECORDS.

The magnificent new Cunarder, the Campania, has scored heavily in her maiden passage across the Atlantic—both ways. She has broken a whole series of records. Her passage from Queenstown to New York was done in 6 days 8 hours 34 minutes, this being the fastest steaming ever done by a vessel on her maiden voyage. Her average rate was

18·6 knots per hour, and this running at three-quarter speed. She also broke another record—that of the fastest day's run for a steamer on her first trip. But in her home voyage she has eclipsed all this, for she has now made the record passage from New York to Queenstown, which she reached on Friday, her time being 5 days 17½ hours. The Campania is the sister of the Lucania, and was launched on the Clyde in September. Their length (620 ft.) is only some 60 ft. less than that of the Great Eastern.



MUSIC ROOM : GENERAL VIEW.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

A battle of the gods is always the most interesting thing a House of Commons debate can offer, and the duel between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, in spite of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain is what Emerson would call more a half than a whole god, is worth witnessing and remembering. It has always seemed to me throughout the Home Rule Bill, right away from the introduction to the Committee, that the two men on whom the fate of the measure depends are Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Morley are mere ineffective shadows, intervening now and then with rather hysterical vehemence, but never affecting the real issue, Sir William Harcourt is either purposely or unintentionally a non-combatant, Lord Randolph is too uncertain and too wayward to make his mark, and Mr. Asquith is rising fast, but he is too young a Minister to carry very great weight. So Mr. Gladstone bears on his shoulders the Atlantean load, as Matthew Arnold puts it, of Home Rule, while Mr. Chamberlain represents the force, the subtlety, the unscrupulousness, and the immense mental and personal adroitness of one of the most distinguished of Parliamentarians.

THE ATTACK.

One is tempted sometimes to think his tactics over-rash, and his tone over-bitter, and his hostility too obviously inspired by personal feeling; but in the end these things do not count for much. His thin, keen face, his faculty for seizing every point, exploiting every Parliamentary form, darting on a weak point, pouring out a stream of pitiless—often, indeed, inconsistent—criticism, make him a great Parliamentary force. His speech on the proposal to leave out the first and, perhaps, the most important clause of the Home Rule Bill was a condensed model of all the qualities I have described. A stronger Chairman—and Heaven forbid that there should be a weaker one than Mr. Mellor—would probably have stopped him on the ground of order. But having got his opportunity, Mr. Chamberlain used it to the utmost. His speech was as strong in personal qualities as in argument. In vain did the Irishmen endeavour to confuse and distract him. Every interruption was swept aside with unfailing wit and dialectical skill.

THE DEFENCE.

The effect produced was considerable, and it is quite certain that nobody but Mr. Gladstone could have dissipated it. It is of the utmost importance in a battle like this to keep up the spirits of your own side. It does not matter what the other side thinks or does. So long as your own friends keep in compact order you may leave out the Opposition. This is precisely the task to which Mr. Gladstone, with his unerring eye for Parliamentary effect, addressed himself. He succeeded to a marvel. The object of Mr. Chamberlain's speech had been to elicit new declarations of policy on the principal clauses, as to which Mr. Gladstone has resolved to say nothing until the matter comes directly and immediately before the House, and in the shape of the clause which raises it. There was nothing in the speech beyond a simple argument in favour of this course as opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's. But the go, the *verve*, the lift of the effort was irresistible. Good-humoured contempt, pleasant mockery, and, above all, indomitable will and pluck, were the motives of this remarkable deliverance. Its manner was as breezy as that of a young man of twenty; its gestures would, if it had not been for their perfect grace, have been deemed over-exuberant. In particular, the speech completely answered its purpose. The Irishmen welcomed it in cheer after cheer, the Liberals laughed and applauded, and the whole party was at once restored to the highest possible spirits.

A DEMONSTRATION.

When the speech was over a singular demonstration took place, one of the many tokens that in his eighty-fourth year the old man maintains the complete personal and intellectual supremacy that he has exercised in the House for a generation. When Mr. Gladstone sat down, the House, which had been kept long after its usual dinner hour, trooped rapidly and noisily out. But not an Irishman stirred. The whole party sat a silent phalanx on the Opposition benches below the gangway, every man's eyes fixed on Mr. Gladstone, and plainly intending a demonstration. When the old man, after a little talk with his colleagues, rose—the House, almost empty, save for the Irishmen and a few Radicals who had come back, attracted by the unwonted scene—the Irish party rose to its feet, cheering and cheering again, until the old man's form had, after a gracious bow or two, disappeared behind the Speaker's chair.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor begs to inform correspondents that so many stories and articles have already reached him that his stock is sufficient to last for many months. Any other MSS. are, therefore unnecessary.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

There was plenty of discussing to do on Clause 1 of the Home Rule Bill, for Clause 1 ran thus: "On and after the appointed day there shall be in Ireland a Legislature consisting of her Majesty the Queen and of two Houses, the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly." On this clause, as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out more than once in the week, the principle of a new Home Rule Legislature depended. Therefore, Clause 1 was about as provocative to the Opposition as the beginning of a detested measure could be. Moreover, the wording of the clause shows that on it must be raised discussions as to the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, the status of the new Legislature, and the advisability of a Second Chamber at all. And these questions were pretty hotly debated, Monday's and Thursday's sittings being as lively as anybody wants in Parliament, and even a little more so.

THE SUPREMACY OF PARLIAMENT.

The fight, of course, began with something not strictly in due order. All the instructions having been ruled out of order, it yet remained for Mr. Chamberlain to propose that Mr. Gladstone should give assurances as to the retention, partial or complete, or exclusion, of the Irish members. His amendment failed, of course. The result was an irritated debate, an aggressive closure, a speech from Lord Randolph Churchill bursting with wrath, six divisions, and no progress at all. But behind the party excitement there remained a considerable feeling on the Liberal side, just as there was on the Conservative, that the Government might just as well assert the Imperial supremacy without evasion while they were about it. Mr. Asquith, in fact, and, later, the Solicitor-General, promised, in so many words, that a clause to this effect should be considered. Tuesday came, and with it the same question in another form. Was the new Legislature to be "subordinate"? "It was far more likely to be insubordinate!" rejoined Colonel Saunderson. But this was no joking matter for the Gladstonians, who had called the Home Rule Government a subordinate Parliament over and over again in their speeches.

THE STATUS OF THE HOME RULERS.

How the Prime Minister extricated himself from the hole into which this explanation landed him with reference to the next question still passes the wit of man. The next question came from Mr. Willie Redmond, who wanted the name "Parliament" substituted for the word "Legislature." Now, if the Legislature was not to be called subordinate because of its offending the sensibility of the Irish Home Rulers, why should not it be called a Parliament for exactly the same reason? Yet Mr. Gladstone refused. Why, I can't make out. He could easily have led his party. The Irish members would have been pleased. The Opposition don't in the least want to be gratified. No, the "old Parliamentary hand" was really just a bit sick of such near divisions; he hankered after a good solid majority, helped by his friends the Tories, and, good old man! he got it—466 against 40 one day, and 482 against 34 on a similar proposal on another. Result: that, though the Irish Legislature is so called, the Irish members, if they ever get it, can call it anything they please—from Parliament or House of Commons, or "Riaz-na-Nuaral" (old Irish, *teste* Mr. J. G. Lawson), up to Olympus or the Garden of Eden.

THE SECOND CHAMBER.

It isn't really a good fight, this, after all. Mr. Gladstone's reason on one, at least, of these first questions must have been bad. But on the discussion as to the Legislative Council both sides threw conviction to the winds. Tories voted against a Second Chamber, Mr. Labouchere and a lot of Radicals voted in favour of it. Why? Simply because it was a party division. Now, I only want to speak from my own side; but I must say it was a great mistake of the Opposition to prevent Gladstonians from voting against their party. "Leave them alone and they'll come home" ought to be our motto on a question of that sort. There is no way to keep the Gladstonians solid like telling them that, whatever the question may be, we shall vote against the Government.

THE LOGIC OF EVENTS.

I have formed an impression upon the events of the past week, which I give for what it is worth, though I know it is open to the charge of being what Mr. Gladstone calls "arbitrary prophecy." But it is this, that the Home Rule Bill will be frustrated by something a little different from what is supposed. That old question of Ulster still hangs about. Mr. Chamberlain on Friday reminded Mr. Gladstone of the proposal to leave out Ulster from the Bill, and regretted that the Ulster Unionists had gone out of their way to say they would not accept it. I believe that Mr. Gladstone will repeat this offer. The fact is that Ulster's opposition to the Bill is such a stumbling-block that the proposed exclusion will be the only way to give Home Rule at all. This Mr. Gladstone sees quite well. My impression is that he will either propose the exclusion of Ulster or accept the proposal from someone else. And what happens? Well, if, as Mr. Chamberlain suggests, the Unionists accept it, the Home Rulers will not. That is certain. And then? Why, then the Liberal party have proposed Home Rule in a detailed plan, and have been prepared to pass it, and the responsibility for rejecting it lies on the Irish members! Nothing would please Mr. Labouchere and the bulk of the party better. They could then go on with the Newcastle programme, content with having shown that they would have given Home Rule to all the Ireland that wanted it, and that Ireland declined to accept it.

A COSTUME RECITAL.

The second recital of Miss Florence Bourne and Mr. Alexander Watson at St. Martin's Town Hall last Thursday evening was even more interesting than its predecessor. Cavazza's smart little duologue entitled "When Angry, Count a Hundred" proved most amusing, the lady speaking the numerals somewhat after the ejaculatory fashion familiar to lovers of "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks." Miss Bourne gave two recitations (one from enigmatic Marie Corelli) with much success, and pleasant interludes in the programme were songs by Mdlle. de Lido, piano solos by Miss Jessie Davies, who was specially brilliant in Moszkowski's "Tarantelle," and two songs by Mr. Alexander Tucker. [A word in Mr. Tucker's ear, from an admirer of his splendid voice: Select brisker music and avoid a display of the lower register, which reminds the scoff of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.] The piquant duologue "Breaking the Ice" was brightly and cleverly interpreted by Miss Bourne and Mr. Watson, and caused considerable laughter. Mr. Alexander Watson's other contributions were the tragic "Kelpie of Corrievreckan," an amusing account of "Early Rising," and, in response to a well-deserved encore, an imitation of Mr. Henry Irving's mannerisms, which would cause Mr. Arthur Playfair to look to his laurels. The next recital of these talented elocutionists is on Saturday afternoon, the 27th.

Things look bad at the Antipodes, and, to quote an Australian friend, "there's no business doing except among the manufacturers of iron safes." One by one the big banks are suspending payment, and it seems that confidence in banking is at the present moment an unknown quantity. Usually, in a financial crisis, when banks and commercial houses are tumbling down like edifices of card, confidence is reposed in some of the well-established banking concerns of the country, and these favoured businesses reap a rich harvest. But in the Australian colonies at the present time a wide berth, we understand, is given even to those stout banks that seem likely to weather the storm, and all the deposits, which are drawn in gold—for the colonists are by no means like the simpleton who drew his deposit from a country bank in its own notes—are at once locked up in a fireproof safe, bought or hired for the purpose. Until a greater feeling of security prevails, trade must, we should imagine, be almost at a standstill "down below."

LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—The Cheap (1st and 2nd Class) Friday and Saturday to Monday Tickets and the Cheap (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) Saturday and Sunday to Monday Tickets, also the Cheap (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) Saturday and Sunday to Monday or Tuesday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside, will be available for return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, May 21, 22, 23, or 24.

EXTRA TRAIN FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria will convey Passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes on Saturday, May 20 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS by the Shortest and Cheapest Route through the Charming Scenery of Normandy to the terminus near the Madeleine, SATURDAY, May 20. Leaving London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m. (1st and 2nd Class only).

These Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m., on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, May 18 to 24 inclusive.

Returning from Paris 9 p.m. on any day within 14 days of the date of issue. Fares, 1st Class, 39s. 8d.; 2nd Class, 30s. 3d.; 3rd Class (Night Service only), 26s.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—CHEAP TRAINS.

Saturday, May 20, to Havant and Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 2.30 p.m.; and Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m., returning by certain Trains only the following Tuesday evening.

WHIT SUNDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge 8 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and West Croydon; and from Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, Mitcham Junction, Sutton, Epsom, Leatherhead, and Dorking, to Midhurst, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Returning same day.

WHIT MONDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) at 8.40 a.m., to Havant, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Returning same day. Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town, and Havant, Day Excursions Whit Sunday, 4s.; Whit Monday, 5s.; Saturday to Tuesday, 6s. 4d.

For Isle of Wight connection, through Cheap Return Tickets to Ryde, Cowes, Ventnor, and Isle of Wight Railway Stations, available for one or more days, see Handbills.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.—WHIT SUNDAY CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge 8.5 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare there and back, 4s.

WHIT MONDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge and Victoria 7.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare there and back, 5s.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS BY THE NEW DIRECT ROUTE.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS on Whit Sunday from London Bridge 8.35 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction and Croydon, from Victoria 8.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare there and back, 3s.

On Whit Monday from London Bridge 8 a.m. and 9.30 a.m., calling at Croydon, from Victoria 7.55 a.m. and 9.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare there and back, 4s.

EASTBOURNE AND LEWES.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday and Monday from London Bridge at 8.0 a.m., from New Cross 8 a.m., and from Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY AND SUNDAY TO SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, OR WEDNESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS by all Trains according to class on Saturday and Sunday, May 20 and 21, also by SPECIAL TRAINS SATURDAY, May 20, from Victoria 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon.

Returning by any Train according to class on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. Fares from London, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

EVERY SUNDAY CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAINS from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge direct, and from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, see small Bills, to be had at

London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at their City Office, Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where Tickets may also be obtained.

The West End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 17, 18, 19, and 20.

(By Order)

A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.—WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO

BOULOGNE and back, Charing Cross, dep. 1 p.m., Cannon Street, 1.6 p.m., London Bridge, 1.10 p.m., and New Cross, 1.16 p.m., 21s. (1st Class), 12s. 6d. (3rd Class), Saturday, May 20. Returning from Boulogne at 3 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap Tickets will also be issued from May 19 to 22, available until May 27. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 10 a.m., 30s. (1st Class), 25s. (2nd Class).

CALAIS and back on Bank Holiday, Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 17s. 6d. (1st class), 12s. 6d. (3rd Class). Cheap Tickets will also be issued from May 19 to 22, available until May 27. Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m. or 8.15 p.m., 31s. (1st Class), 26s. (2nd Class). Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets will be issued on May 20.

PARIS and back, Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8.15 p.m., 37s. 6d. (2nd Class), 30s. (3rd Class), May 17 to 22, inclusive. Tickets available for 14 days.

BRUSSELS and back, via Calais, Charing Cross, and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m. and 8.15 p.m., 51s. (1st Class), 40s. 6d. (2nd Class), 25s. 9d. (3rd Class—8.15 p.m. Train only), May 18 to 22, inclusive. Tickets available for 8 days.

BRUSSELS and back, via Ostend, Charing Cross, and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 5.35 p.m. (1st and 2nd Class only), and 8.15 p.m., 40s. 7d. (1st Class), 30s. 1d. (2nd Class), 19s. 1d. (3rd Class), May 18 to 22 inclusive. Tickets available for 8 days.

OSTEND and back, Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 5.35 p.m., and 8.15 p.m., 32s. 6d. (1st Class), 25s. 6d. (2nd Class). Tickets available for 8 days.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS TO

ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, SHEerness, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, DEAL, WALMER, ASHFORD, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c. From LONDON and NEW CROSS. Fares there and back (3rd Class):

WHIT SUNDAY.

Ashford and Tunbridge Wells	3s. 0d.	Ashford	3s. 0d.
Hythe and Sandgate	3s. 6d.	Tunbridge Wells	4s. 0d.
Other Stations	4s. 0d.	Other Stations	5s. 0d.

Children under Twelve, Half-Fares.

SPECIAL TRAINS for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHerville GARDENS), &c.

Various Special Alterations and Arrangements.
Continental, Mail, and Club Services as usual.
For further particulars see Bills, &c.

WHIT MONDAY.

Rochester, Chatham, and Sheerness	2s. 6d.
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Rochester, Chatham, and Sheerness, 2s. 6d.

MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

For full particulars of the usual EXTENSION of RETURN TICKETS, &c., see Handbills and Programmes.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will run from Waterloo as under, calling at the principal Stations:—

On SATURDAY, MAY 20.—At 8.10 a.m., for 3, 10, or 17 days to PLYMOUTH, EXETER, Tresmead (for North Cornwall Coach), Holsworthy, Bude, Barnstaple, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Bideford (for Clovelly), Exmouth, the Somerset and Dorset Line.

At 8.40 a.m. for 3, 10, or 17 days to MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, SALISBURY, AXMINSTER, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, and all Stations between Salisbury and Exeter inclusive.

At 10.10 a.m. for 7, 9, 14, or 16 days, to Winchester, Southampton West, Lymington (for Yarmouth), Brockenhurst, Christchurch, and Bournemouth.

At 12.50 noon for 10 or 17 days to WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, BOURNEMOUTH, NEW FOREST, Lymington, Wimborne, Corfe Castle, Swanage, &c. By extra payment of 20 per cent. on fares, Passengers by above excursions may return by certain trains on the intervening Saturdays or Sundays.

FOUR DAYS' EXCURSIONS as follows: At 1 p.m. to Portsmouth and stations in the Isle of Wight. 12s. tickets will also be issued by this train to Stations in the Isle of Wight available for 8 or 11 days. At 1.15 p.m. to Winchester, Southampton, Salisbury, Newport, Cowes, &c. At 1.25 p.m. to Midhurst and Petersfield.

For additional accommodation to the Isle of Wight, Excursions on Whit Sunday and Monday to Southampton, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, &c., see bills.

TICKETS, Handbills, and all information can be procured at the Company's Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; the West End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; City Office, Arthur Street West, E.C.; Lavington's, 69, Old Bailey.

Handbills and Excursion Programmes may also be had at any of the Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or by post from the office of the Traffic Superintendent, Waterloo Bridge Station.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

Tickets for all principal places on the London and North-Western system, available from either Euston or Kensington (Addison Road), and dated to suit the convenience of Passengers, can be obtained at the Spread Eagle Office, Piccadilly Circus, and other principal Town Receiving Offices of the Company, and at Messrs. Gaze and Sons' Offices, 142, Strand, W.C., and 4, Northumberland Avenue, as well as at the Railway Stations. On FRIDAY, MAY 19, a Special Train will leave Euston Station at 6.25 p.m. for Holyhead and Ireland. On SATURDAY, MAY 20, Special Express Trains will leave Euston Station at 4.25 p.m. and 6.50 p.m. for Birmingham, calling at Willesden Junction, Rugby, Coventry, and Stechford. Special Express Trains will also leave Birmingham (New Street) on this date at 2.7 p.m. and 4.7 p.m. for Northampton; the ordinary trains leaving Birmingham at 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. will not convey Passengers to these places. A Special Express will leave Willesden at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Blisworth, Weedon, Rugby, principal Trent Valley Stations, and Stafford. On WHIT MONDAY, MAY 22, the 4.30 p.m. train from Euston will not be run; passengers will be conveyed by the 5 p.m. train, except those for Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, and the G.N. line, who must on this date travel by the 3.15 p.m. train from Euston. Numerous residential trains will NOT be run.

For full particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company.
Euston Station, May 1893.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—WHITSUNTIDE EXCURSIONS from ST. PANCRAS and CITY STATIONS.

IRELAND.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, to DUBLIN, via Morecambe.*

THURSDAY, MAY 18, to DUBLIN, via Liverpool.†

FRIDAY, MAY 19, to BELFAST, LONDONDERRY, &c., via Barrow.†

SATURDAY, MAY 20, to LONDONDERRY, via Morecambe.†

* Return within 14 days.

+ Return within 16 days.

SATURDAY, MAY 20.

To LEICESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, DERBY, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c., MATLOCK, BUXTON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, ROCHDALE, Oldham. Barnsley, Wakefield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, LAKE DISTRICT, and Carlisle. Returning May 22 or 25. See Bills for times.

SCOTLAND.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Ayr, Kilmarnock, &c., for three or seven days, leaving St. Pancras at 7.55 p.m.

WHIT MONDAY, MAY 22.

To BIRMINGHAM for 1 or 4 days, and KETTERING for 1 day, leaving St. Pancras at 6 a.m.

EARLY ISSUE OF TICKETS.

TICKETS and BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and City Booking Office, which will be open for the issue of Tickets all day on Friday and Saturday, May 19 and 20.

Derby, May, 1893.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY

via HARWICH and ESBJERG.—The United Steam-ship Company of Copenhagen Steamers sail from Harwich (Preston Quay) for Esbjerg, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9.30 a.m. Returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steam-ships Koldinghus and Botnia. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

WHITSUNTIDE ON THE CONTINENT.—CHEAP TOURS,

via the HARWICH ROUTE, to ANTWERP, BRUSSELS, THE ARDENNES (Cheapest Continental Holiday), ROTTERDAM, THE HAGUE, the RHINE, &c. Passengers leave London, Liverpool Street Station, at 8 p.m., and the principal Northern and Midland towns in the afternoon. Dining Car between York and Harwich via March. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.



A SPRING IDYL ON THE MARNE.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Still no rain! This lamentable drought forms one of the chief topics of conversation at the present moment, and everybody's sympathy is with the unfortunate farmers and umbrella-makers, who seem threatened with imminent bankruptcy. I believe that the crops of pease for this year are completely spoilt. The vines are doing well up to now, and seem but little affected by the scarcity of rain, although blight will probably be the result in the end. Last week I saw a trout that was caught in a little river running into the Seine. It is, perhaps, wrong to say that I *saw* it, as I was quite two hundred yards away from the enterprising angler, but I *smelt* it and thought I should have fainted. I just had enough presence of mind left to run as hard as I could in the opposite direction and wind, and, so far, symptoms of typhoid have not presented themselves, I'm surprised and happy to say!

From Pontarlier (Doubs) come the tidings that snow fell during the nights of May 6 and 7, while at Vittel (Vosges) there was a very hard frost, which did enormous damage to the orchards and vineyards.

Racing at Longchamps on Sunday, April 30, was not quite so well attended as usual, I thought—at least, by the fair sex. Perhaps it was the wind which kept some of the regular attendants away; it was so boisterous every now and then that but for the warm sunshine and the wealth of flowers and smiling green trees we might have fancied we were in the blustering month of March. Princesse de Chimay looked charming in pale yellow and brown, with a lovely sunshade to match, Comtesse de Villeneuve in mauve and white, Baronne de Rothschild in heliotrope and yellow, with many others.

M. Edmond Blanc has sold his celebrated horse Gouverneur to the German Government for £10,000.

Of the million francs M. Ephrussi pledged Vicomte Gaston de Breteuil he would give to the poor, 900,000 have been distributed in the following charities: L'Hospitalité de Nuit, 100,000 fr.; L'Hospitalité du Travail, 150,000 fr.; L'Œuvre des Enfants Incurables, 200,000 fr.; les Petites Sœurs de l'Assomption, 200,000 fr.; les Petites Sœurs des Pauvres, 200,000 fr.; l'Hôpital des Jeunes Poitrinaires de Villepinte, 50,000 fr. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and in this painful incident relief and happiness have been blown to hundreds of starving and suffering people.

Miss Loïe Fuller is being sued by the Cirque Ciniselli of St. Petersburg for breach of contract, and £3000 damages are claimed. It seems that Miss Fuller started for Russia right enough, as she was accompanied to the station and seen off by a *huissier*, who legally certified her departure. When she got to Berlin, however, she changed her mind and took the next train back to her beloved Paris. Hence the action. She was to have received £30 a night during her engagement. Enviable young woman, to be able to play pranks with her managers and engagements in this happy-go-lucky manner!

Baronne James Édouard de Rothschild gave a ball last week in honour of the "coming out" of her daughter. The cotillon was led by Mlle. de Rothschild and M. de Vatimesnil, the presents distributed being unusually amusing and original. Among the young ladies present were Lady Hermione Blackwood, Mdlles. Gonidec, de Savignac, de Croy, Sommier, de Gramedes, d'Haussonville, de Gontaut, &c.

Princess Waldimir of Denmark is still confined to her room by the painful accident to her foot, which has, unfortunately, much aggravated during the last week, and which prevented her attendance at the festivities in honour of the golden wedding of her uncle and aunt, Prince and Princesse de Joinville. The Princess is staying with her father and mother, the Due and Duchesse de Chartres.

Madame Anna Ruppert, the celebrated lady beautifier, was the victim of a very serious accident the other day. She was driving through the Place Vendôme in an open cab, when she was dashed into by a runaway horse and dog-cart and thrown out, the wheels of the cart passing over her body, causing serious injury to her knees. The groom and coachman, although also thrown out from their respective vehicles, escaped any serious injury. Madame Ruppert, I hear, is, happily, progressing favourably. Her establishment in the Rue de la Paix is becoming very popular with French ladies as well as the American and English colonies.

En police correctionnelle—

Le Président: "Accusé, vous avez déjà subi plusieurs condamnations?"

L'Accusé: "Oui, mon président, mais c'était en province."

The bank failure epidemic seems to be spreading here as well as in Australia. The Comptoir Parisien has shut up, and on examination it was found that the assets are 45 fr., mostly in centimes, and the liabilities over 500,000 fr. The two partners, MM. P. de Ligaudières and Jamain, have disappeared with 76,000 fr. in notes, which were known to have been in the safe a few days previously. Warrants have been issued for their arrest.

Antoine Gérard, who fought at Waterloo, has just died, at the age of 103.

MIMOSA.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The Earl of Aberdeen has been appointed, as was expected, Governor-General of Canada.

One-third of the seeding in Manitoba and the North-West Territories has been completed despite the backward spring. As the weather is now favourable, great progress is being made. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is said to have given ear to the loud complaints of the farmers in this district against the railway rates by drawing up a special tariff for harvest time. The company, by-the-way, made a profit on last year's traffic of 8,420,348 dols.

Canada is very anxious to open up trade with Australia, the difference of the seasons in the two colonies making the capability for the interchange of products extensive. Canada would give canned salmon and timber for Australian wool and fruits. The Queensland Acclimatisation Society, indeed, is sending to Canada a trial shipment of fruits from the colony.

This scheme of trade between the two colonies has been brought to a head by the McKinley tariff, which put the Canadians on their mettle. It is claimed that, while the trade between the Dominion and the United States was curtailed by the tariff, Canada has opened up new markets, and is better off commercially than she has ever been before.

Mr. Guy Boothby, the Australian traveller, who attempted, and has just completed, the remarkable feat of crossing the continent of Australia through the far interior, has returned to London. His private secretary, Mr. C. T. Longley Taylor, was his sole companion on this momentous journey—one of the most extraordinary on record.

Retrenchment is now in full swing in Victoria. The usher of the Legislative Council is to be asked to retire, and the serjeant-at-arms in the Assembly is to get a similar mandate. On the railways it is hoped to save £130,000 on the next financial year.

The price of the Melbourne *Argus* has been reduced from twopence to a penny. This excellent newspaper was born in June 1846, as a bi-weekly. It had a rough time of it when the gold discovery was announced, for scarcely could a compositor be got to stick to the "case." The diggers used to give as much as half-a-crown for a copy.

"Another bank gone!" The posters pall on one. The Bank of Victoria is the latest victim. It was established in 1852, and did a large business in England and Scotland. The subscribed capital was £1,200,000. Eight failures have taken place within the past five weeks. The aggregate of the deposit liabilities is about £56,500,000, of which £17,750,000 represent British deposits. The total amount of deposits of the banks now undergoing reconstruction is £41,000,000, of which £11,000,000 is from this country.

Life in the island of Tristan d'Acunha, which lies half-way between the Cape and South America, is hard. There are only some fifty inhabitants, who recently had an unpleasant addition to their number in the arrival of some shipwrecked Italians. The islanders were so reduced this spring that they had to hail a passing steamer for supplies.

Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., believes that the democracy, when the truth is known, will insist on justice being done to India. He has accordingly written a long article on the subject to *India*.

The death-rate in the Punjab during the last three years has been fearful. During the last four months of last year the death-rate exceeded the birth-rate by 134 per 4000. In the weekly death returns the mortality rate is sometimes shown as over 200 per 1000 of the population.

The census has shown that in Ceylon 16,924 men to 5677 women are engaged in religious work. The greater number of the men, 9598, are Buddhist priests, who are, almost invariably, Singhalese. Hindu priests and persons engaged in temple service number 4916.

The importation of dogs into Cape Colony has been prohibited.

When the German squadron visited the Cape recently, the officers were entertained to dinner by the German community at the Gold Fields. One of the leading African financiers said Germany should follow the splendid method of Great Britain in the matter of colonisation.

The Bill for Home Rule in Natal was introduced, read a first and second time, and passed through Committee without an amendment by a majority of four votes by the Legislative Council of the colony in a single day last week.

The re-election of President Krüger has been confirmed by the scrutiny of the votes.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Pure and wholesome.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Entirely free from alum.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Largest sale in the world.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

At length we are able to form some reliable opinion on the strength of the Australian team and the manners and methods of its various performers. Their defeat by eight wickets at Sheffield Park ought not, however, to be taken as a true index of the abilities of our distinguished



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.

ARTHUR SHREWSBURY.

visitors. Granted that the representatives of Old England were too strong all round for the Australians, it ought to be remembered that five days' practice after a long and tedious voyage is not sufficient to get men into their best fighting form.

So far, Alf Coningham has been the surprise of the Australian team. Both in batting and bowling he has proved himself a player of parts, and, though as a willow-wielder he has neither the style of "W. G." nor the sinewy grace of his comrade, Graham, he is a man who knows how to hit, and is likely throughout the tour to make a lot of runs. His bowling, however, is the better part of him. The way he mowed down the English batsmen, when Trott, McLeod, and Giffen had tried their best and failed, stamps him not merely as a smart "change artist," but as a bowler of the very front rank.

In style he has an easy, natural action, and the variety of his pace from slow medium to very fast is not the least puzzling part about his left-handed deliveries. I am told that on a wet wicket he is even more difficult than on a dry pitch; and if this be so he will probably prove one of the most destructive bowlers in the team.

The only Australian batsman who showed really first-class form in Lord Sheffield's match was young Graham. He is as stylish a cricketer as any I have seen for many a day, and, what is more, he can get runs. R. McLeod, again, is awkward in style, but he, too, shapes like a run-getter. In spite of Bruce's slashing and dashing methods, I am not at all favourably impressed by his cricket, which seems to me to afford a maximum of risk. The number and variety of his strokes are certainly amazing, but it is just a question whether it would not be wiser to leave certain balls alone rather than adopt his neck-or-nothing style. On the whole, it was the new men who distinguished themselves most against Lord Sheffield's team, and perhaps this is a happy omen, for there can be no doubt that the heavy brigade—Giffen, Turner, Lyons, and Trott—will chip in with some strong cricket before many days are over. Witness Warwickshire, for instance!

It seems peculiarly fitting that "W. G." the old and trusted, should have made the highest score (63) against the Australians. Age does not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of his hitting powers.

Shrewsbury, who scored only one less than the "Master," seems to be trying to score faster than has been his wont, but if he would take the advice of a theoretical cricketer like myself he would not attempt lofty driving, for in this way he gave a very palpable chance in his first innings, and was dismissed in the second off the same kind of stroke. Gunn gave one of those academic displays which by most people are more honoured in the breach than the observance.

The heroes of the match on the English side were undoubtedly Lockwood and G. McGregor. Last season the Surrey man proved himself a bowler of class and distinction, and this impression he ably confirmed by his incomparable bowling at Sheffield Park. Not one of the Australians stood up to him with any confidence. The way in which McGregor stumped Graham in the first innings would almost have gained him a reputation, if he had not already possessed one, while the marvellous manner in which he caught four men behind the wickets off Lockwood's bowling in the second innings, together with the fact that he did not allow a single ball to pass him in the whole of the match, stamps him as one of the finest wicket-keepers, amateur or professional, that this country has produced.

To-morrow the Australians make their first appearance in London, when they meet a strong team of the M.C.C. What memories this fixture conjures up! Who does not remember that famous match at Lord's which *Punch* immortalised in words something like the following?—

The Australians came down like a wolf on the fold,
And for a few runs the M.C.C. were bowled;
Grace before lunch was very soon done,
And Grace after lunch did not get a run.

Will history repeat itself on this occasion? I hope not, so far as the weather is concerned, for on that awful day the wicket was like a morass, and the demon Spofforth, like an avenging Jove, hurled his thunderbolts among the shivering timbers of Old England. As Blackham recently said, "We have many good bowlers, but no Spofforth," and, while Turner, Giffen, and Coningham will trundle their prettiest, England expects that every man this day will do his duty.

On Whit Monday the Australians will meet Yorkshire at Sheffield, and on the same day the great annual fight between Notts and Surrey will be begun at Nottingham; Manchester will see Lancashire and Kent opposing each other, and Lord's will be occupied by those close rivals, Middlesex and Somerset. On the same day Sussex and Gloucestershire meet at Brighton, and Leyton will be the scene of a match between Essex and Derbyshire.

OLYMPIAN.



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.

WILLIAM GUNN.

THE CARTOON OF THE WEEK.



FACE TO FACE.

SMALL TALK.

Exit "Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury," whose almost youthful figure, in spite of her eighty-four years, has been a familiar and remarkable one on society's stage for more than half a century. "Lady A." was at the Duchess of Teck's in her usual splendid health on the Monday, was dining out on the Wednesday, and on the Sunday evening had passed away from an acute attack of pneumonia. It is sixty years since she became the second wife of the first Marquis of Ailesbury, and there have been few entertainments of any note, from those given in royal circles downwards, where she was not a welcome and most popular guest. Her upright figure, her curls in the style of the thirties, her still wonderful complexion—requiring no artificial aid—were as remarkable as her vivacity, her fund of anecdote, her charm of manner, and her kindness of heart. She took a kindly interest in all about her, high and low, and was a splendid hand at training a servant, man or woman, as those who have had one from her establishment in Hertford Street can testify. It will be long ere we look upon so fresh and charming a specimen of octogenarian juvenility again as Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury.

The Marchioness had but one child, a son, Lord Charles Bruce, born in 1834, who possesses much of the distinction and charm of manner of his mother. Lord Charles is devoted to music, and there are few musical productions of note at which he is not present. He is a moving spirit on the associated boards of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, which have done so much for musical proficiency all over the kingdom. By the death of the Marchioness the Savernake estate is relieved of a considerable yearly charge. A few years ago there were four Marchionesses of Ailesbury living, three of whom drew incomes from the historic estate. The widow of the third Marquis and the wife of the present peer are still alive.

A few days ago an ingenuous youth, when questioned as to the religious denomination to which his parents belonged, replied, after considerable hesitation, that his father was a "lamplighter." Not an inappropriate answer altogether, considering that one of the great objects of religion is to enlighten those who "walk in darkness." Youth, especially ignorant youth, is sometimes very apt in its replies. I remember, when attending the classes for confirmation that were held in the vicarage library of a small west-country village, which, like many another abode of rustic simplicity, bore but a poor character for morality, our parson, sitting in awful state at the head of a long table, turned suddenly upon a bucolic lout and demanded of him that he should "rehearse the Articles of his belief." "Vurst, I believe in all the sinful lusts of the flesh" came the unhesitating answer. "Ah, my lad," said the vicar in his deep, grave voice, "and in this village well you may; but that's not the right answer to my question. Try again." And so he did, but by no means so pertinently.

The drama of the old blind Irishman of St. Martin's Church and his lost dog, little Nell, has been played on the good old lines. The wanderer has returned, and all has been forgiven and forgotten. "Shure and it was a cat that tempted her out, for she'd have left the house for nothin' less," said Nell's master to me when I spoke to him on the subject a day or two ago. "And the chilfer, they dursen't tell me whin she was missin' at first, and whin they did I was just heart-broken," added the old man, with tears in his voice. With Nell at home again, even the "villain of the piece," the man who purchased the brown-eyed little waif, was pardoned, and her owner opined he was "a decent body," and expressed a hope he would not be punished for his share in the business. I have known Nell's lord and master for more than a quarter of a century, and have seen five canine favourites share in succession his carpet throne. Nell's predecessor, who was gathered to her fathers some seven years ago, at the age of eleven, was Rosie, the clever dog who, at the unlucky time when her blind master broke his leg, would see him safely into his Westminster bus, then take a short cut through St. James's Park, up Spring Gardens, across the "finest site in Europe," and so be ready to meet him in his yellow chariot at the church corner. I don't wonder the old man loves such friends as Rosie and his little Nell.

With such rich dramatic fare to select from as is liberally provided by Ibsen, H. A. Jones, and Oscar Wilde, who could have believed that the Guards would execute a retrograde movement in their choice of a play for the "Theatre Royal, Chelsea Barracks," this year, and going back a quarter of a century would seize on so old-fashioned a melodrama as "The Ticket-of-Leave Man"? I, for one, however, will not blame them, especially as they have wisely procured for their "guide, philosopher, and friend" so able a dramatic drill-sergeant as Mr. Henry Neville. There must be many theatregoers who, like myself, remember how powerfully, picturesquely, and with what excellent knowledge of his business this able actor played the name part in a play which, if old-fashioned, is full of interest, and is skilfully constructed; many who, uncomfortably seated in the pit of the old Olympic, followed the adventures of Bob Brierley, of May Edwards, Melter Moss, and Hawkshaw the detective with more enthusiasm than is always evoked by the morbid creations of Ibsen, the impossibly situated people of Jones, or the would-be epigrammatists of Oscar Wilde.

The venerable Lady de Ros, whose interesting memoirs, edited by her daughter, have just been published, was one of the few notable

people of this century who have had the somewhat doubtful privilege of reading their own obituary notices. Towards the end of 1890 her death, at the age of ninety-four, was announced in several London papers, and long and picturesque notices of her remarkably interesting girlhood were published. Her Ladyship, however, lived to complete another year, passing away peacefully, and in possession of nearly all her faculties, in December 1891. She, it will be remembered, was the third daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, and was the belle of that scene of "revelry by night," the ball given by her father on the eve of Waterloo. The exact whereabouts of the room where this historic entertainment was held has been the subject of considerable discussion, and, if my memory serves me rightly, Lady de Ros, and that other great authority on Waterloo, Sir William Fraser, whose father was aide-de-camp to the Iron Duke, differed considerably on the matter.

A correspondent of a Home Rule journal has been laying much flatteringunction to his soul in the matter of the Stock Exchange demonstration against the proposed measure. It is, he writes, "a happy augury, for nearly every cause against which the Stock Exchange has ever demonstrated has triumphed in the end"; and he quotes the House's dislike to the Federals in the American and the Russians in the Russo-Turkish War, as well as in later times to the discontinuance of the City Coal dues. The ultimate success of those against whom the Stock Exchange demonstrated does not, however, seem to augur so favourably for the future of Home Rule should it be accepted. The black population of the States, for whom the Federals professedly fought, were in those days property of distinctly commercial value, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred were looked after and cared for with the attention that men usually bestow on their belongings. Now they are regarded with marked aversion in most parts of the States, particularly by their former champions, and have to make their way in the world as best they can. Turkey, who was defeated after a most gallant resistance, lost none of her southern seaboard; nor was Constantinople even seriously menaced.

Things look remarkably healthy for the coaching season of 1893. Already some fifteen or sixteen four-in-hands are on the road, and seem likely, doubtless owing to some extent to our welcome but unseasonable summer, to be well patronised. The historic White Horse Cellars have, however, been unanimously deserted as a starting-place, and nearly all these smart and well-horsed vehicles have chosen Northumberland Avenue as their place of departure. Mr. Walter Shoolbred—one of the best of modern whips, as well as one of the most courteous and popular of coachmen—is still faithful to Piccadilly, and his coach starts every morning at eleven o'clock for Guildford, taking its way through the lovely Surrey country, with stoppages at the Bear at Esher, the White Lion at picturesque Cobham, and that quaint old hostelry, the Talbot, which overlooks the stretch of green at Ripley. By-the-way, Mr. Shoolbred himself will handle the ribbons on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

A successful and exceptionally interesting dramatic and musical matinée took place last week at the West Theatre, Royal Albert Hall. The programme, which included some brilliant violin solos, performed by Miss Nora Clench, a young lady who lately had the honour of playing before the Queen, contained two items specially worthy of notice—the recitation, in costume of the Louis XV. period, of Austin Dobson's "Marquise" by Mr. William Theodore Peters, and Ernest Dowson's charming dramatic phantasy, "The Pierrot of the Minute," a short two-character play, instinct with grace and poetry, admirably rendered by Mr. Peters and Miss Ida North, who seemed to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the wayward eighteenth-century Pierrot and his fantastic moon-maidens. Every detail of the little play was most carefully carried out, and Mr. Peter is to be congratulated on having presented to his audience an ensemble which would not have disgraced a pensionnaire of the Comédie Française.

There is an unblushing ingenuousness about the "train tea" which in these dissembling days is most refreshing. The vanity is so frank, so uncovered. A woman comes home from the crowded, if not crushing, honours of Buckingham Palace to calmly hold a little court in her own drawing-room, her train spread out to its utmost inch for the admiration or uncharitableness of her curious friends, who have been gravely invited to come hither and pour libations to her vanity combined with tea—over-drawn tea. It is also an ambition with other curiously minded persons to see how many "train teas" can be got through in an afternoon, that they may again dilate on the aristocratic fatigues of Drawing Room day to other envious friends. Men are not above such enfeebled frivolity, either. I met three industrious youths at six "train teas" on Tuesday, and they only began to look ashamed when we cannibalised at the very last house.

There is only one thing bullet-proof nowadays besides rhinoceros hide, and that is the structural arrangement of journalists. Here is a veteran soldier—General Barges—bristling with angry ardour, who prances over to Saragossa from Madrid, with the expressed intention of pinking an offending editor. The invulnerable man of peace, editing his peaceful *Correspondencia Militar*, smiles to his own anatomy and meets the fiery General at Pardo. Bullets assail him in vain, while his adversary promptly bites the dust with a ball in his thigh. The General now regrets that he did not choose swords and hack the editor to pieces. But the penman, in accordance with a proverb, would probably have once more proved mightier.



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT IN "CHARLEY'S AUNT."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, 17, BAKER STREET, W.

C

"KITTY VERDUN" AT HOME.

A CHAT WITH MISS NINA BOUCICAULT.

A first glance at Miss Nina Boucicault, as she comes into the pretty little sitting-room which she and her mother have made so homelike, shows that she is one of those rare *comédiennes* who are quite as girlishly pretty off the stage as on, and she also possesses to a rare degree the peculiar charm of manner with which American women are generally credited.

"You want me to tell you something about 'Charley's Aunt,'" she exclaimed, smiling, as if the very title of the play evoked pleasant memories. "Well, I really don't know what to say except that she is a very dear old lady, and that we are all very fond of her; also that I have never enjoyed playing in a piece so much in my life."

"Yours can scarcely be called a comic part?"

"Well, no; I should style it a straight *ingénue* rôle, but, of course, one has to thoroughly enter into the spirit of the thing and into Mr. Penley's acting. He is really splendid for anything, and I think has made 'Charley's Aunt' in every sense of the word. The passage which makes my rôle interesting is the pretty little love scene in the second act; a touch of sentiment never does any harm even in a screamingly funny piece like 'Charley's Aunt,'" she concluded thoughtfully.

"I suppose that you have not had a very long stage career, Miss Boucicault?" I ventured to ask, glancing at the slight figure and youthful face of my hostess.

"Oh, yes, I have," she answered brightly. "You must know I am the youngest daughter of Mr. Dion Boucicault, and the only one who went on the stage. I acted with my father as leading lady all over the United States—in fact, the only dramatic tuition I ever received was from him. I went through a strange apprenticeship, taking important and lengthy parts when little more than a child. It was in consequence of a twelve weeks' tour in Australia that my brother and I received good offers to stay in that colony, and, finally, on my brother going into management, I became his leading lady. I only came to England a year ago last January, and am glad to say I have not had an idle day since, excepting those caused by illness. It was while acting a part in 'The Private Secretary' that I first met Mr. Penley, and when he was mounting 'Charley's Aunt' he came and asked me to take a rôle in his new play. I was awfully ill at the time, suffering from nervous prostration, and my mother told him it was quite impossible; but he seemed so anxious about it that I made up my mind that I would see what I could do, and I learnt my part, rehearsed it, and had my gowns made in five days. Rather quick business, was it not?"

"And are you at all nervous—do you suffer from stage-fright?"

"Suffer!" she echoed, while a comic expression of half-humorous despair crossed her face, "I should think I do. I go through perfect agonies, not only during the first few nights, but every time I act, and yet I very quickly become word-perfect, and have only forgotten my part on one occasion, and then I was really very ill."

"And, on the whole, what are your favourite rôles?"

"I delight in a part where some opportunity is given for showing both humour and pathos. I have always endeavoured to avoid getting into a groove. You know, if an actress pleases the public in one kind of part, she is, generally speaking, only supposed to be able to play those kinds of characters. I always try to acquire breadth, and in no other fashion can one hope to become a good all-round actress. An ideal part is that of 'Sweet Lavender.' I have never played it yet, but should immensely like to do so."

"One more inevitable question, Miss Boucicault; do you think that dress is capable of making or marring a good part?"

"Of course, it is evident that clothes play a great part on the modern stage—in fact, I am sorry to say I think some people merely come to see the gowns the actresses wear. This is, of course, specially true of certain plays, but not of 'Charley's Aunt,'" she added, with a twinkle in her eye, "though our gowns have, I believe, been much admired. But I think one thing, which I do not suppose you can have heard an actress say, perhaps, because it is too obvious a truth to need repeating—namely, that we of the profession should take pains to dress as well off the stage as on. It must give even a manager a shock to see a lady whom he has always seen on the boards smart and well set-up turn up at his office looking deplorably dowdy and ill-dressed. I do not mean by that that an actress need spend a great deal of money on her dress, but she should, at least, make an effort to wear her clothes as well and pay quite as much regard to suitability of attire off as on the stage. As for passing fashions, I think nowadays we can all afford to disregard them. Nothing would induce me to put on a garment which would make me look absurd, even if every other woman thought it beautiful."

"What am I going to act after 'Charley's Aunt' I am sure I don't know. I hope some day to show my friends what I can do in a big part; but at present I am quite content to be Kitty Verdun."

And then Miss Nina Boucicault, with ready courtesy, showed me many relics of her distinguished father's professional career and an interesting collection of family portraits, from which her own was noticeably absent. "You see, I like to have them all round me," she explained, laughing; "but I don't care to see myself looking down from the walls; so my counterfeit presentment has been relegated to another part of the house."

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

Prevention of Birds'-nesting. There can be no reasonable doubt that the proposed extension of the principle of the Wild Birds Protection Act is a very timely measure. As the present Bill stands, while it is unlawful to take or destroy certain wild birds as scheduled, there is nothing to prevent their eggs being taken—except, of course, in the case of game birds. The new Bill seeks to give County Councils the power to forbid in their respective districts the taking of the eggs of every species they may decide to protect. The "soft-billed" birds, by which is meant such kinds as are insectivorous, are obviously deserving of every encouragement as the very best friends to the farmer. Times are sufficiently hard for the farmer as it is, and the havoc done by flies, beetles, and their larvae in a dry season such as this promises to be must be seen to be believed. The hedge-sparrow, the warbler, the blackbird, thrush, starling—these, and many more, are the natural enemies of the caterpillar, the turnip fly, the weevil, and all their tribe.

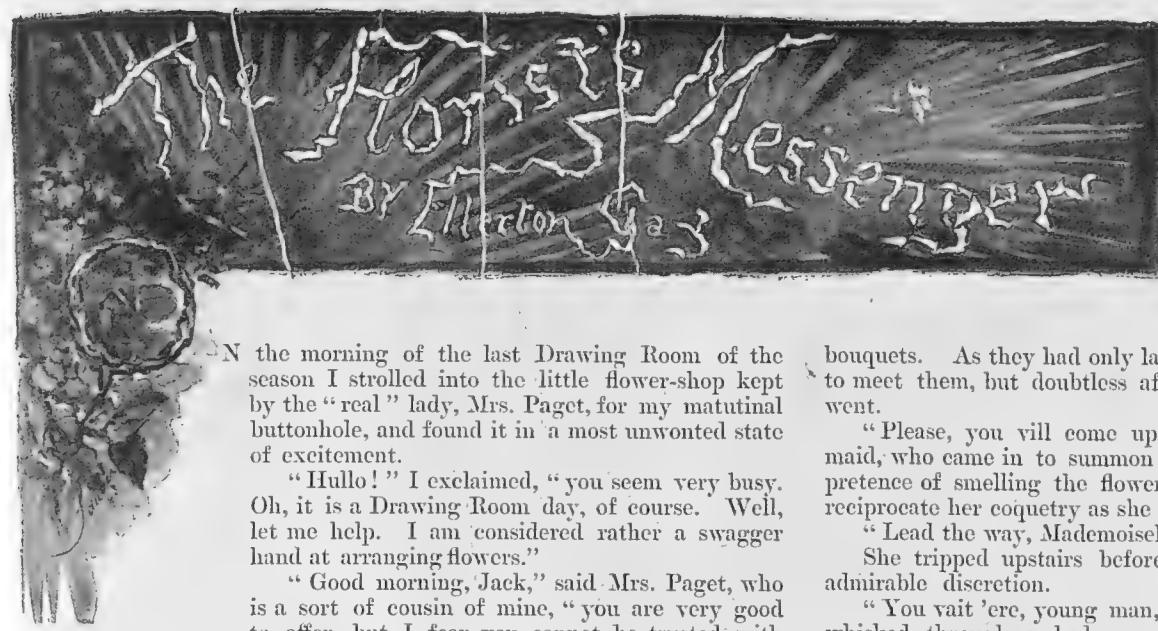
Well-earned Medals. While on the subject of nest-protection, it will not be out of place to refer to an interesting little ceremony which will take place on June 22. On that day the Zoological Society of London will present their silver medal to "Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, and John Peter Grant, of Rothiemurchus, in recognition of the efforts made to protect the osprey in their respective districts." The osprey, as, doubtless, all my readers know, is not only one of the finest and most graceful of our birds of prey, but is of special interest from the fact that alone of all our Falconidæ its prey is almost exclusively fish. These it is enabled to take successfully owing to the reversibility of one of its toes. In pursuit of its quarry it not seldom disappears entirely underneath the water, and yet rises without difficulty and with plumage unsoaked. Nothing can be more romantic than the site the osprey chooses for its nest. Perhaps the best known eyrie was that on a ruined tower on an island in a certain Highland loch. Here the birds had collected in the course of ages an enormous quantity of material. Now, sad to say, the whole of Scotland can only show three eyries of this bird.

Falurious Birds. On a former occasion (in 1891) the society awarded two of its medals on similar grounds. Then it was the Great Skua whose protection was rewarded. I believe I am

right in saying that this bird now nests nowhere in Great Britain, excepting in the Shetland Isles. It is an Arctic, or, rather, a sub-Arctic bird—nesting in Iceland and Hudson's Strait, for example. It is one of the parasite gulls that obtain their living by robbing others. It is, with its strong beak, a terrible foe to weakly and defenceless birds or young mammals. But it is specially interesting as being one of the very few birds which will dare to protect their eggs or young by attacking a human intruder. There is a very general belief that eagles and vultures will so protect their eyries. The week before last a correspondent gave in the columns of the *Field* a story in which he ascribed this propensity to the lammergeier. If he really described only what he saw, his was a unique experience. The truth is—and it is a very curious one—that none of the great raptorial birds resort to this expedient for the protection of their nests. The wonderful accounts we used to read in nursery days were, if the truth must be told, the production of some writer who was "indebted to his imagination for his facts." Perhaps it would be unwise to say that birds of prey never attack the intruder. There are exceptions to every rule. I have known a brown or wood owl (*Syrnium aluco*) drop bill and talons upon the head—or, fortunately, upon the hat—of a passer-by. But the raptorial birds—and, so far as my experience goes, without exception—inevitably retreat quickly and quietly to a safe distance when their nest is being harried. Not so the skua. He will stoop again and again at the head of the intruder, and a very formidable opponent he is. Everything goes by contraries. Of the very few other birds that show any decided courage at nesting time, one is the mild and gentle lapwing or peewit, and the other the little titmouse, and to their wonderful courage any schoolboy will bear witness.

Dog Shows and Sporting Dogs. I am the very last person who would attempt to depreciate the value of the work done by clubs for special breeds of dogs. We owe more than we always recollect to these excellent associations for the protection and improvement of distinct breeds. But it does seem to me that there has been by far too wide a tendency to breed dogs for show-bench points alone. You may get the handsomest sporting dog that ever won a ticket, and unless he is clever in the field what is his practical worth? Nothing. Worse, indeed, than nothing. For, as a clever dog begets clever progeny—and he does do so—a bad performer can never be trusted to get serviceable puppies. Now agricultural conditions have changed so much that, in England at all events, some forms of sporting dogs are scarcely used at all. And this makes it all the more meritorious for such clubs as those for pointers and setters to have established and brought to so successful a condition field trials such as those we have lately seen. The results of these certainly go to show that, given careful training, our pointers and setters are as good as ever they were. In my humble opinion, the best working pointers of the day are to be found in some parts of Sweden; but, then, without these dogs little sport can be had in those parts.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



N the morning of the last Drawing Room of the season I strolled into the little flower-shop kept by the "real" lady, Mrs. Paget, for my matutinal buttonhole, and found it in a most unwonted state of excitement.

"Hullo!" I exclaimed, "you seem very busy. Oh, it is a Drawing Room day, of course. Well, let me help. I am considered rather a swagger hand at arranging flowers."

"Good morning, Jack," said Mrs. Paget, who is a sort of cousin of mine, "you are very good to offer, but I fear you cannot be trusted with anything so important a sa Drawing Room bouquet, though I do not doubt your taste."

"Let me wire up the things," I said; "surely I can be trusted to do that, can't I, Miss Baxendale?"

"If you would really like to help, Mr. Capel," said Grace Baxendale, one of the pretty young lady apprentices, "I will certainly find you something to do. We really do not know how to turn, we are so busy."

"You could, indeed, be of use to us," said Mrs. Paget, an anxious crease coming into her smooth forehead, "if you would deliver two bouquets. I am at my wits' end to know how to get them all sent in time; but, of course, you won't." Mrs. Paget laughed at the suggestion as she made it.

"Of course, I will," I said promptly; "like a shot! Give me a couple of the prettiest, and I will get a smart hansom and waltz round with them in no time."

"You are good! Do you really mean it?" said Mrs. Paget, delightedly. "Here are two lovely ones to go to the same house. Lady Fakenham is so very *difficile*, as well as being a new customer, that I am most anxious hers should be in good time, and none of our messengers are back yet. The other is for her sister-in-law, Lady Rose Sutton; but I am sorry to say it would be necessary to go in a four-wheeler to protect the flowers properly. No! you will never do it!"

"I wish my aunt, Lady Julia, had come here this morning," interposed Miss Baxendale, compassionately, "and you could have had her brougham."

"Oh, I don't mind the growler; I'll go. Perhaps I shall have some fun!"

"You need only go to the door," said Mrs. Paget, after many protestations that she could not accept such a service at my hands. "I do so hope they will be pleased. Lady Fakenham's has already been seen by the reporters for the papers, and much admired. This brown-and-yellow posy is for Lady Rose. You will come in this afternoon to see the carriages returning, won't you? We shall have several people here, and Lady Julia Baxendale is coming."

"I will certainly come," I said; "it will be a reward for being errand-boy. Everyone who sees me drive by will wonder who the deuce I am presenting bouquets to. If I see my uncle he will be most curious to know who they are for, and I shall have to stand some chaffing at my club. But anything to oblige a friend in distress; you may stick a big placard on the growler if you like, to advertise your name, and I will sit inside and grin."

I held the flowers as pretty Grace's fingers exemplified, and settled myself in the cab that was whistled up. The street and number were given, and I drove off triumphantly, the admiration of all beholders. I could hear my liberality being freely commented on.

Arrived at the house, laughing quietly to myself at the novelty of the position, I rang the bell with my customary vigour. It was answered with extra promptitude by the butler in person.

"Gracious!" exclaimed that dignitary, contemptuously. "Law! I thought it was a noble lord, at least. You should have rung the *heavy* bell, young man. So you've brought them bookeys from Mrs. Paget's; her Ladyship's been getting in a fine wax about them, and has sent downstairs three times to know if they've come."

"Here they are, then, in excellent time," I said. "Take them up, and ask if they are satisfactory."

"Indeed," said the butler, with a sniff of disapproval. "You'll just take 'em up yourself, young man; I'm not here to do your errands."

"All right," I said, keenly on the look-out for amusement; "take off my hat."

"Well, I never!" he ejaculated, too much surprised to refuse, but

giving my new Lincoln and Bennett a bang on the hall-table.

"Is my hair all right?" I asked.

"Law, no one 'll look at you, my boy! My eye, I shall expect a button'ole for this. Foller me."

I was shown into a large but empty drawing-room, where I amused myself by looking at the photographs scattered about, wondering which were the two lovely ladies who were to carry the

bouquets. As they had only lately come to town, I had never happened to meet them, but doubtless after this I should see them everywhere I went.

"Please, you vill come upstairs to miladi," said a pretty French maid, who came in to summon me, giving me coquettish glances under pretence of smelling the flowers. I regretted that I was too laden to reciprocate her coquetry as she probably expected.

"Lead the way, Mademoiselle."

She tripped upstairs before me, displaying her neat ankles with admirable discretion.

"You vait 'ere, young man," she said, with a parting *villade* as she whisked through a bed-room door, leaving me outside in pleasing anticipation of amusement.

A minute later she threw the door open, and my eyes encountered those of Lady Fakenham in a large mirror opposite. She was in the hands of a hairdresser, who with brandished comb and a whole armoury of curling-tongs, hairpins, "tails," brilliantine, &c., was dressing her Ladyship's fair hair in the most approved mode.

I recognised the hairdresser as one of Truefitt's men, who had frequently operated on my own sleek locks; but now, as the butler had said, no one took any notice of "the young man from the florist's," in spite of my being turned out for the Park by one of the best tailors in town.

Lady Fakenham looked handsome, but also very ill-tempered; meeting my eyes, she gave me a prolonged and cold stare, and tossed her chin impatiently, seeming to say, "Well, you are a bold young man!" The bouquet was probably exactly what was ordered—at any rate, it was very lovely, but Lady Fakenham scrutinised it contemptuously.

"Tell the man to take it back; it is not high enough in the middle, and it is not large enough; it must have another row of flowers. The man must get it done and bring it back without fail at two o'clock."



The florist's messenger.

"Yes, miladi."

By this time "the man" had taken in every detail of the room and its contents, and the secrets of a lady's toilette were secrets no longer for me. It was all very edifying! Lady Fakenham's dishabille; the length and thickness of her tresses; the open dressing-gown, which revealed one pink stocking and shoe on one pretty foot, the other stockingless and carelessly balancing a slipper on the tips of the toes; the Court dress laid out in readiness; to say nothing of the various little devices which modesty forbids me to reveal. You see, I am a bachelor. To the hairdresser these things were, perhaps, a matter of course; but it was not so to me, and I suppose an amused twinkle may have betrayed itself in my eyes, for Lady Fakenham's voice took an added tone of acidity as she went on with her instructions.

"At two o'clock; not a moment later, mind. Tell the man that Mrs. Paget must see to it herself."

"Yes, miladi."

"A little higher in the middle, another row of flowers, and to come back at two o'clock," I repeated, to show I had comprehended.

"Very well; it shall be done."

I was then handed over to another maid, and mounted another flight of stairs. A tap at a bed-room door brought Lady Rose Sutton in person to receive her bouquet. Her face was flushed with excitement, through the coating of *poudre de riz*, which was laid on thickly by way of cooling her burning cheeks; but she looked adorably pretty. Her coiffure was arranged, feathers and all; further than that her toilet had not progressed—in point of fact, I don't know how to express it better than by saying it had retrograded.

"Good Lord!" I thought, "What a good time these tradesmen fellows must have! What lovely shoulders she has got—so plump and palpitating! How jolly girls would look in that sort of Greek goddess get-up if they were not subject to influenza. I suppose if she knew that I am not exactly what I appear she would blush all over, scramble behind that curtain and scream! I wonder how she will look when I meet her in society, if I tell her I saw her like this!"

"What a lovely bouquet!" exclaimed the fair and unabashed lady I had been scrutinising under such favourable circumstances. "Tell Mrs. Paget I am most pleased with it." She held the flowers at arm's length, and then felt their cool freshness against her face and neck.

"I have to take back Lady Fakenham's for alterations," I said, not loth to prolong the interview.

"Oh!" said Lady Rose, coldly, looking from her bouquet to me, and laying stress on her correction. "It is a pity her Ladyship is not pleased with it—but it is lovely! Mind you bring it back in time."

"It is ordered for two o'clock, and it shall not be a moment later. Then, I may tell my employers you are pleased with yours?"

"You may. I am charmed with it."

I forgot my apparent position as I made my very best bow and retired, sorry that I could not think of any excuse for staying longer. I let myself out without encountering my friend the butler.

It nearly brought tears into Mrs. Paget's eyes to find that her *chef-d'œuvre* did not give satisfaction.

"Don't take any notice," I said; "she was in a bad temper, I could see that; I fancy her shoe was pinching her. I'll drive back with it at two, exactly as it is; it will be too late for complaints, and she must take it. I am glad I went, I have had such a good time!"

"It must be altered," sighed Mrs. Paget. "Alas! I can't afford to displease my patrons. But I am so much obliged to you. You must tell us this afternoon what passed."

"I am going to the Orleotes' now to see Blanche in her presentation gown, before Lady Bostock calls for her," I said; "but I'll come back in time to take Lady Fakenham's bouquet again."

"No, I can't let you do that," she said; "we shall have plenty of messengers then."

The subsequent adventures of the bouquet were related to me by others. A messenger boy was sent back with it in good time, but, forgetting the number, he left it at another house, before which the carpet laid down and the carriage with the beflowered coachman and footman indicated attendance at the Drawing Room. It so happened that of the two ladies at this house one had been presented with a bouquet, and the other had every reason to expect a similar present, so she received Lady Fakenham's in an unquestioning spirit just as the very last arrangements before their departure were concluded, when they and their trains were carefully packed in the carriage and drove off.

Meanwhile, doubtless, Lady Fakenham fumed and fretted at the non-arrival of the bouquet. A footman was sent in hot haste to Mrs. Paget's, where the rapid questioning of the messenger elicited the fact that the flowers had been wrongly delivered; the boy had watched them drive away, so the bouquet was then on its way to the Palace, if not already there. A meagre substitute was hastily provided and sent, accompanied by a note of apology explaining with whom the flowers had been left.

Lady Fakenham then had to start at once, with her temper slightly more ruffled. She imparted to Lady Rose *en route* what she meant to do.

"I shall look at every bouquet when I get to the Palace, and when I see mine I shall point my finger at the woman and say, 'That's my bouquet!' If she does not give it up I shall complain to some of the Lords-in-waiting."

She was as good as her word; figuratively, she was on the war-path. However, the recipient by mistake was quite ready to give up her illegal possession, so the intervention of a Lord-in-waiting was not required. But Lady Fakenham was by no means appeased. Mrs. Paget had to hear a piece of her patrician mind. She determined to make a continuance of her custom to be contingent on all future orders being delivered by the young man who had first brought the bouquet, as he seemed intelligent, and she drove with her grievance straight from the Palace to the florist's.

We were having a merry time in Mrs. Paget's drawing-room, looking out at the carriages and drinking tea, while I told them of my morning's adventures—with certain reservations, of course. Lady Julia Baxendale's carriage was outside, and she was going to drive me on to some Drawing Room teas. Our merriment was disturbed

by a peremptory summons to the bowery shop, where a footman, disdaining the intervention of forewoman and assistants, demanded that Mrs. Paget would go to her Ladyship's carriage "immejut."

Mrs. Paget's pride having long since been subdued to the requirements of trade, she went down to listen patiently to her Ladyship's tirades, expressing again and again her deep regret for the mistake. Lady Fakenham was still unpeased, and Lady Julia (who knew and did not love her) came to assist her friend to throw oil on the troubled waters, or otherwise, especially the latter.

"But you have the bouquet, I see," said Lady Julia. "How did you get it?"

"Of course, I have it! I went straight up to the woman who was carrying it and said it was mine, and she gave it up to me. But it was a nasty thing to have to do; if you had only sent your young man who came the first time, Mrs. Paget, it would have been all right. I told the man myself to be sure and come with it again."

"Man! young man, indeed!" exclaimed Lady Julia, with her most dignified manner—she only stands four feet two, but she has got an air—"Let me tell you, Lady Fakenham, the gentleman who took your flowers did it to oblige Mrs. Paget, who, I need not remind you, is a lady, and that gentleman is a future earl. He is in the house," she added with



Lady Fakenham scrutinised it contemptuously.

fine malice. "Shall I bring him out and introduce him? You would like him; he has the most perfect manners of any young man I know."

"Good Heavens, no!" hastily exclaimed both ladies simultaneously;

"tell the men to drive on!"

The two discomfited ladies exchanged glances of dismay, and as they drove off the smiling florist and her staunch friend heard a portion of a horrified exclamation from Lady Rose: "How awful! Why, he saw me in my—"

By this time I had become impatient of their long absence, and came down to the shop-door in time to be seen and recognised by the two ladies as the carriage turned to drive off.

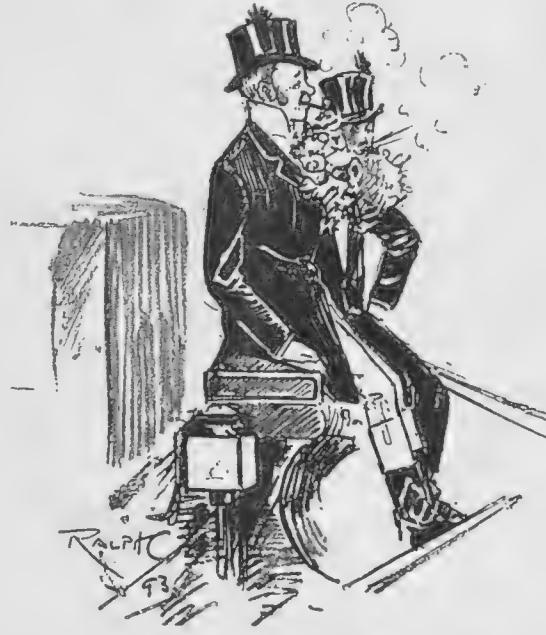
Lady Julia is very anxious that I should fill up the hiatus in Lady Rose's ejaculations, but I decline to satisfy her curiosity.

Lady Fakenham declared that she would pay for neither the original bouquet nor the hasty substitute provided by Mrs. Paget. She is a woman of her word. I am going round in my uncle's carriage one day to give the butler the "button'ole" he demanded, and I don't mind being florist's messenger-boy again for Mrs. Paget whenever she likes.

A MEMORABLE DRAWING ROOM.

The May Drawing Room is always popular. Last week's function was a May Drawing Room in a double sense, for Princess May made her first public appearance with the Duke of York since their betrothal. The event drew a great throng to Buckingham Palace, and an immense crowd to the route between Pall Mall and the Palace. In the quarter of a mile of roadway some forty or fifty thousand people formed a dense mass of sightseers, lovely weather favouring the occasion. The open space before the Palace itself was literally packed, and but for the excellent arrangements made by the police authorities the carriages would have experienced great difficulty in making their way through the main entrance. As early as noon carriages containing débâutantes began to line up in the Mall, and between two and three o'clock—just after the first of them entered the Palace Yard—the ranks stretched away as far as the eye could reach in the direction of the Horse Guards. Ambulances were provided outside for use in case of accident, and though, happily, the afternoon passed off without the necessity for their employment, the crush at times became so great that women in almost a fainting condition had to be led to the shade of the trees for medical or other treatment. Just before three o'clock a carriage from Marlborough House turned into the Mall. Its occupants were the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess May. Princess May looked in the best of health, and smilingly acknowledged the cheers with which she was greeted. A few minutes after the Prince of Wales's equerries passed in a second carriage, and then, just on the stroke of the hour, the outriders of the Prince of Wales's escort presaged

his arrival. With the Prince was the Duke of York, who was in naval uniform. Both he and his father were loudly cheered. Princess May wore a dress of rich, handsome white brocade, manufactured in England. The white was of a silvery purity and sheen, and the design was of groups of roses, all white, the edges satin-tinged, and the foliage veined with satin, which gave the effect of silver. The design was doubly appropriate, being the floral emblem of England and the badge of the House of York. The flower-sprays were tied with true-lovers' knots and enclosed in graceful scrolls. So rich a material



A QUIET WHIFF.

needed but little trimming, but was treated with that simplicity which shows true art. The skirt was finished with three narrow frills, not very full, sitting perfectly, and put on in a prettily undulating way. The bodice, which was most cleverly made, was outlined in silver, and finished with a little shimmering fringe of crystal. Round the shoulders was a softly and deftly arranged fichu of snowy chiffon, bordered with lace wrought on to the edge of the ethereal fabric. The sleeves, of satin, were in single puffs, the fichu falling prettily over them, and they were outlined in silver and fringed with crystal. The train was of pure white satin, also of English manufacture.



RALPH CLEAVER 93

THE HARMLESS NECESSARY POLICEMAN.

IN THE PARK.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

A CHAT WITH MR. MACMONNIES.

Far away from the great cosmopolitan Rue de Rivoli and the frivolous world of the Boulevards are a little group of studios in the artists' quarter of Paris, near the Lion de Belfort, lying back some two miles from the left bank of the Seine.



MRS. MACMONNIES.

With some slight difficulty you find the place you seek, and turning up a quaint *cul-de-sac* forming a tiny square, now green with leaves and fragrant with spring blossoms, you discover the place where Mr. and Mrs. MacMonnies—for both husband and wife are each, in their different ways, true artists—have set up their artistic gods.

A knock at the rough wooden door, the handle is quickly turned from inside, and the visitor finds himself in the presence of the tall young sculptor to whom was given the choice of all the work for the decoration of the grounds and buildings of the Chicago Exhibition.

I found Mr. MacMonnies, writes a representative of *The Sketch*, busily engaged on a piece of work destined for next year's Salon, but he kindly consented to give his model a few minutes' rest in order to reply to a few questions about the famous fountain and its creator.

"I am a Brooklyn man," he said, in answer to a query; "but my art studies have been almost entirely conducted in Europe. I did not begin life as a sculptor, but as a painter; but I soon found, however, that my whole bent was the other way, and so I became in turn a pupil of Falguière, Mercier, and St. Gaudens. I have worked hard," he continued thoughtfully; "but my own people have been very good to me; for shortly after I had obtained a mention at the Salon

I was asked to make a statue of Brooklyn's first citizen, Mr. Stranahan; and then shortly after I was commissioned to resuscitate the splendid old New England spy, Nathan Hale. This turned out to be one of my most successful bits of work; yet it was by no means easy to reconstitute the striking personality of the patriot, for there are no portraits of him, and but few descriptions of even his execution extant. But Mr. Theodore Peters kindly consented to sit for me, and everyone seems to have been very pleased with the result."

"And what made you first turn your attention to fountains?"

"Well," he answered, smiling, "I have always had a perfect passion for fountains, and I need hardly tell you how delighted I was to have an opportunity of not only making but designing what will be the largest fountain ever built. I had for long had an idea of the Chicago design in my mind, but I never supposed that I would have a chance of carrying it out. The idea is that of an apotheosis of modern Liberty, and takes the shape of a triumphal barge guided by Time, heralded by Fame, and rowed by eight standing figures representing severally the various arts—science, industry, commerce, and agriculture. Eight sea-horses are supposed to draw the barge, each mounted by a youth. The water is furnished by a half-circle of dolphins in the rear, and by a system of jets which entirely surround the barge and figures. The width of the basin is two hundred feet, and the smallest figure is twelve feet high. I have had to give up the whole of my time for something like two years to the work, and, in fact, to abandon the idea of exhibiting in this year's Salon altogether. But it has been intensely interesting work, and I have not regretted a moment spent over it."

"Did you have any difficulty in getting suitable models?"

"Yes and no. Of course, in Paris one finds everything. My great endeavour was to obtain an exact sense of proportion. The largest figures are twenty feet high, and the difficulties of the work were much increased by the fact that I could not obtain any adequate idea of what the whole would look like when completed. Everything had to be taken over in sections, and put up over there."

"I suppose Mrs. MacMonnies was of very great assistance to you in all this work?"

"Well, she has been busily engaged on her own order for the Chicago Exhibition—namely, a frieze representing 'Primitive Woman,' ninety feet long, which has been put up on the Woman's Building."

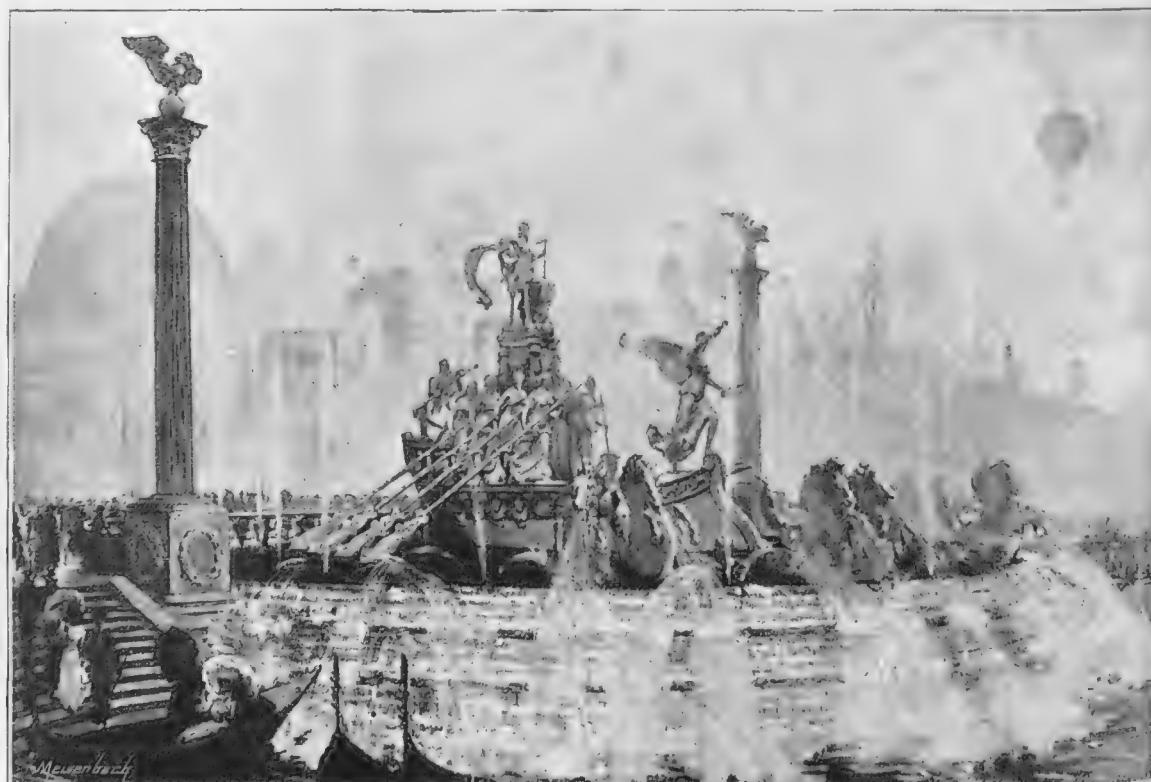
"And is the fountain composed of marble, plaster, or stone?"

"I hope that ultimately the design will be carried out in marble, but we have not had time to do that now; so, practically, I shall have to remodel the whole at the end of the Exhibition, for the water will have worn away the substance of which it is at present composed."

"What do you think should be the chief object of one who wishes to design fountains?"

"Suitability," replied Mr. MacMonnies, without a moment's hesitation. "For instance, a fountain that is to stand in a hall should be very different to that which is destined for a lawn or park. As a rule, I prefer graceful original designs to those which are pompous and grandiose. I think that nothing else so lends itself to the sculptor's art as a fountain."

For the sculptor's work, executed in plaster, the United States has granted Mr. MacMonnies the sum of £8000, and this is exclusive of foundations and plumbing. But the young American sculptor has in this instance only worked for fame, for every penny of the huge sum has gone in studios, models, workmen, and all the large and small et ceteras attendant on such a stupendous undertaking. Mr. MacMonnies, who is a veritable enthusiast as far as his work is concerned, is still on the right side of thirty, and has already made for himself a reputation in the two worlds which many men twice his age might well envy.



THE COLUMBIA FOUNTAIN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES.

THE GRAND OLD LADY OF THE STAGE.

A TALK WITH MRS. KEELEY.

Although March was not in its teens, Pelham Crescent lay bathed in a flood of warm spring sunshine, and, within and without, the house in which lives the oldest of all English actresses—probably the oldest living actress in the world—was bright with flowers: golden crocuses bringing a breath of country air into this London crescent, and vivid scarlet anemones, freshly arrived that morning from the sunlit slopes of the Pyrenees.

But it is only dullards who measure time by years, the mere lapse of decades counts for little, and the bright-faced, active little lady, with



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MRS. KEELEY AT HOME.

pretty, greyish curls and bright dark eyes, full of fun and good nature, who greets me in such resonant as well as melodious tones, might give many a woman forty years and a beating.

It is, in truth, hard to believe that this cheery, energetic lady first saw the light nearly eighty-eight years ago; yet it is a fact that Mrs. Keeley was born on Nov. 22, 1805.

"You have seen some strange changes in the dramatic world, Mrs. Keeley, since your first appearance?"

"Indeed, I have. We were not made so much of then. Actors' salaries were nothing compared with what they are to-day. Why, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were doing their fine productions at the Princess's Theatre they only took £60 a week between them, and Mr. Keeley and I took £30. I myself only made £20 a week once in my life, when I was playing Jack Sheppard at the Adelphi."

"It seems incredible."

"But it is none the less true."

"What do you think of Irving, Mrs. Keeley?"

"That he is a charming man—a polished gentleman, and a good actor. By-the-way, I acted at Windsor Castle in the first theatrical performance ever given there in the Queen's time, and her Majesty and the Prince Consort and the Duchess of Kent seemed to enjoy the pieces enormously. How they laughed at the farce! It was delightful to see them."

"What parts did you play that night, Mrs. Keeley?"

"Nerissa in 'The Merchant of Venice' and Fanny Pepper in John Oxenford's 'Twice Killed.' Keeley was Euclid Facile. Ah! I've played

Nerissa to Edmund Kean! It was just before his death, and it gives me a big lump in the throat even now to think of it. He felt faint and I got some brandy-and-water for him. What a splendid man! A beautiful face, with a laugh in the eye even in his illness and weakness. As Ashby-Sterry made me say at Ipswich—

I've taken Henry Irving by the hand,
And Edmund Kean's I've clasped."

"It was at Yarmouth, surely, that you made your first appearance?"

"My first appearance! That's too funny. But you are quite right; it was at Yarmouth, and it came about in this way. I was about seventeen then, and staying at Yarmouth, taking singing lessons of Mrs. Henry Smart, for I was a concert singer until I chose to vagabondise. I knew every member of the Ipswich Theatre company—it was in the days of stock companies, of course—and they had known me almost from a baby. And one day one of them said, 'Why don't you let her act?' And they did. I appeared as Lucy Bertram in 'Guy Mannering,' and I shall never forget how I dressed the part. I felt such a guy that I made a sketch of myself in it. I remember I wore a huge feather in my hat and carried a bag. Ah me! all those who knew me in those days are past and gone. Very few even of the people who were with us at the Lyceum in the forties are still alive. My London début was at the Lyceum, in 1825, as Rosina, but I had appeared in Ipswich two years before that. In those days the London theatres were recruited from the provincial circuits."

"And when did you retire from the stage, Mrs. Keeley?"

The bright eyes twinkled with fun as she answered promptly, "Retired? I have never retired, nor have I ever taken a benefit. Six years ago I appeared at Toole's Theatre, at his benefit, in 'Betsy Baker,' and I've got the boots now. At the time of the Prince Consort's death I broke a blood-vessel, which prevented me from acting regularly again; but I never retired. God bless me! if I retired I should think I was going to die. No, and I never took a benefit. Mr. Keeley didn't like the idea of them at all. Macready wanted him to take one, but Keeley wouldn't. 'No,' said he, 'I can't ask the people who put their legs under my mahogany to put their hands in their pockets for stalls and boxes for my benefit'; but Mac insisted; and, although Keeley never moved a finger in it, got one up and handed him a cheque the next morning for a hundred pounds. People used to say hard things of Macready—call him brusque, and rough, and rude. I never found him so. And his patience was endless. If he thought one was really in earnest about one's work, he would spend an hour rehearsing the smallest bit of business over and over again. I know he did once with me. It seemed as if I could not get one bit quite right, and we went at it over and over again, till at last I flung the book across the stage in a fit. All Macready did was to say quietly, 'Now, my dear, if you are as natural as that to-night you will do.' We were doing 'The Prisoner of War' then, by Douglas Jerrold, at Drury Lane. Phelps was in it, and I was Poll Pallmall."

"What did you produce chiefly, Mrs. Keeley, while you were in management at the Lyceum?"

"Oh, many things, but perhaps the one I remember most clearly was Stirling's adaptation of 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' What a cast it was! Frank Mathews was Pecksniff, Alfred Wigan Montague Tigg, Sam Emery was Jonas Chuzzlewit, and Vining Martin; Saunders played Mark Tapley, and Turner Nadgett; Miss Woolgar was Cherry Pecksniff, and Mrs. Alfred Wigan Merey; Miss Fortescue was Mary, Mrs. Wollidge played Mrs. Todgers, Keeley was Sairey Gamp, and I was Bailey—'Don't you eat none o' him!'—and the actress murmurs the friendly and famous warning in a most thrilling stage-whisper, and then laughs as merrily as though it was all five instead of fifty years ago.

All this time we have been talking in Mrs. Keeley's cosy dining-room, with a most affectionate grey parrot taking an occasional part in our conversation, and a magnificent Persian cat sunning itself on the little Davenport where Mrs. Keeley still writes many letters in a firm, clear hand. The bird was formerly the property of Montagu Williams, Mrs. Keeley's son-in-law, and is valued highly for his sake as well as its own. A huge screen, covered largely with theatrical seraps, stands near the door, and on the walls are some dainty little pictures, including a portrait of Mrs. Keeley's mother—a piquant and beautiful face such as Sir Joshua Reynolds loved to paint, and which was, in fact, painted by one who had been his pupil.

Before I leave, Mrs. Keeley gives me a copy of her very latest photograph, inscribing upon it her autograph and the date, as well as that of her birth. So bright and keen is her memory, too, that when I suggest that it should not be blotted she turns to the fire to dry it, but quickly refrains, saying, "No, I won't do that. Macready used to say it was most unlucky to dry writing at the fire."

So while it is drying in the sun, which streams in from the gardens of the crescent, I ask just one more question: "As you have never retired, Mrs. Keeley, I suppose it is not absolutely impossible that we may see you on the stage again?"

A cheery laugh preludes the answer. "Indeed, I should not like to say you would not. At all events, I am always good for an 'address,' or anything of that kind. Poor old Buckstone used to say I was never so happy as when I was rubbing my shoulders against the scenery; and I believe he was right. I love the theatre, and always shall."

And with this characteristic and admirable sentiment ringing in my ears, I said good-bye to this most cheery and charming lady, who is so delightful and incontrovertible a proof that years count for nothing while the heart keeps young.

A. G.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

Some of my friends have been accusing me of European prejudice for desiring the advent of a greater Columbus to *lose* America. But in this they much mistake me, as I will proceed to explain. It is precisely because I am destitute of European prejudice that I should like to have the world which was the New, and is not, once more an unknown possibility. Even as the husband, however happy in his prosaic way, would like to recover the fine thrill of discovery that attended his first love, so, too, would a citizen of the Old World fain go back to the days when there was still a New World to discover.

Consider what a possibility was this New World while still incompletely discovered; what boundless fields it offered for romantic conjecture; what old legends realised, and wild imaginations in solid being! We can have no such poetic possibilities in our America, become but an extension of the Old World, with the same representative Government, the same labour problems, the same philanthropies and religions, and almost the same spelling as the English. What things are new and unusual in the New World are by no means romantic—mechanical improvements, dialect novels, gigantic monopolies; these are but startling varieties of well-known species.

Even in the last century there was mystery and romance in the half-known West. The dim, mysterious horror of the wilderness, haunted by wild beasts and wilder men, comes over one in reading "The Last of the Mohicans"—so singularly and enormously better than any other by its author—or Conan Doyle's new story. Yet even this has too much of the practical and known facts of life to satisfy us fully. Our thoughts go back to the time when America was the home of all wild and gorgeous dreams, and where the visions of the Rider Haggards (or Riders Haggard) of the period were located there in all good faith, instead of in the heart of the Dark Continent.

The world at large read "King Solomon's Mines" and "She," and tried to read "Allan Quatermain"; but hardly the most guileless of youths would have gone out to Africa hoping to reach any of the unknown and romantic regions therein described. We made believe, but believed not. But the explorers of the New World did verily believe in golden cities, in the possibility of finding the Earthly Paradise or the Fountain of Youth, and gave their lives up in the quest of such vain but splendid visions.

Nowadays the British youth does not go to Florida to discover the magic land of Bimini. No, he merely puts his capital into an orange grove, and landing with golden dreams of riches, to be gained with hardly an effort, finds that the enterprising agent of whom he purchased his estate has omitted to mention one trifling characteristic of the site—to wit, that in most seasons of the year it is under two feet of swamp water.

Novelties and splendours we may find at the Chicago Exhibition, yet is this, too, but bigger in degree, not other in kind, than those we have seen before. The accidents of an International Exhibition change; the essential substance of the thing remains ever and everywhere the same. The eternal switchback is the type of all. As at Earl's Court it was the Alpine, the Pyrenean, the Brocken, the Apennine Switchback, so in each Exhibition are there the customary exhibits and sections. Certain firms will show certain things that we know beforehand. Nay, even the prices of board and lodging in the City of Pork are not new, and hardly equal the rates at which France last offered her "hospitality" to the civilised world. A pleasant little fiction, this phrase, and dear to the patriotic Gaul, who, perhaps, believed that he was showing a peculiarly lavish and disinterested generosity in permitting the foreigner to pay four or five times the usual amount for his lodging.

I have an elderly friend who asserts that there is not, nor has ever been, more than one International Exhibition, and that the goods shown in that are shipped about from country to country, according as they are wanted. Every now and then a semblance of novelty is given by the introduction of a new soap or insect-powder; but the basis of the show is the same—the same lot of restless and terrifying machinery, the same stalls and glass cases, the same amusements, the same articles. He says (does my friend) that the very *bonbons* exhibited are the same. There is one sugared-almond, remarkable for its grotesque conformation, which has grown up with him from a child—he first noted it in 1851, has followed it through all the great Exhibitions and a host of minor Olympian or (Earl's) Courtly shows. At Chicago he expects to meet his almond again.

Which reminds one of Potemkin's pig—if Potemkin's it were. Some great man in Russia, Prince Potemkin or another, was commissioned by the Empress Catherine II. to colonise the regions adjoining a river, and provided with the requisite funds. These funds he diverted from their proper use, "and they, in turn, diverted him," as W. S. Gilbert sings. When the Empress came on her tour of inspection, she passed down the stream in slow and impressive fashion, borne in a state barge. Every afternoon she sighted a neat and charming village on the bank, and, going on shore, was hailed by a band of prosperous peasants in gala attire. Passing from house to house, she would see an abundant meal smoking on the board, frequently including a roast sucking-pig.

There was, it is true, a certain similarity between one village and another; but this was easily explained by the fact of all being designed by the same Government architect. And so the inspection went on, with complete satisfaction to all parties concerned, till a malicious person in the Imperial suite happened to bethink himself of his penknife, and while the intelligent cottagers were busy answering Catherine's questions he slyly amputated the tail of the sucking-pig. In the next cottage, the family was also about to regale—on a tailless sucking-pig! The main result was that the Empress ever after looked with great disfavour on—Potemkin, no doubt? No, the ingenious gentleman with the penknife!

But, after all, even our own British Constitution does not manage things much better than an autocrat. An Assembly deceives itself, even as a despot is deceived. And as for efficiency and order—but why pursue the comparison? The House of Commons in Committee lately has been like a large unruly school, abandoned to the control of a worthy but entirely inadequate under-master. It used to be a maxim that he who cannot govern himself is not fit to govern others. Apply this venerable doctrine to our masters, and where are they?

Of course, it is hard to have to employ a set of conventional, cumbrous, and courteous phrases when burning to use the exact words that express one's sentiments. Still, Parliamentary usage compels the orator, or should compel him, to call "honourable gentlemen" those whom he fervently believes to be neither honourable nor gentlemen; to accept a member's denial of a statement that may be true, for all that; to treat as a colleague and a fellow-supporter of Parliamentary tradition some shameless scribe, who, having written himself M.P., proceeds to vilify his co-legislators for the amusement of his readers.

There are signs that the strain on the temper of the House of Commons—and it has a great deal of temper—is becoming too much for its manners, which are not now remarkable for either quantity or quality. Shall we get through the session without a free fight? And shall we see our Parliament given up to fighting and reproducing a delightful sketch of "Guerrilla Warfare in the House" by Harry Furniss? Therein one might see the present leader of the Opposition entrenched behind a pile of Blue-books, potting Irish members with a Winchester—it is the Irish who would have the Blue-books now!—the present Premier brandishing his axe, and the conventional Sir William Harcourt, known to readers of *Punch*, adjusting the stock of a blunderbuss among his chins.

The Chairman of Committees, if not the Speaker also, would have to be ensconced in a conning-tower. It would be in vain to content ourselves with the time-honoured notice. "Please do not shoot at the Chairman; he is doing his best." No, a conning-tower, with a Hotchkiss gun mounted on it, might enable even the present Chairman of Committees to command respect—that is, if he could aim straight. And if he occasionally blew up one of his own side by mistake, he would acquire a reputation for stern impartiality, which might be useful in the improbable event of his surviving his tenure of office.

And then, at least, a member would be chosen with some reference to his personal qualities. There would be no occasion for inquiring into the moral antecedents of candidates, for none without a clear conscience, or no conscience at all—which comes to much the same in practice—would affront the hazards of Parliamentary life. Straight shooting would take the place of crooked speech as a qualification for election, and there would be no difficulty in obtaining the payment of members, or, at least, a public provision for the somewhat heavy premiums that would be charged on their life insurance. Our men of mark would be marksmen also.

The Parliamentary majority should, indeed, have the advantage. They should be allowed to take charge of the Gatling gun attached to the possession of office, which would be worked by the Prime Minister. If the Government Gatling jammed—well, the present Premier knows all about jams.

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



PORTRAIT DE LADY HÉLÈNE VINCENT.—J. J. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

The death of Mr. Samuel Bellin brings with its announcement a kind of echo from the past. The name, which for so long had not been heard, yet which was at one time upon the friendly lips of all contemporary artists, has fallen somewhat into disuse, by reason of a voluntary retirement. Born in 1799, he would have completed his ninety-fourth year had he lived until the 13th of the present month. As a young man he studied in Rome with Severn, Turner, and others of that generation, developing a remarkable facility in copying work.

It was not until his return to England that, recognising the capacities of his artistic sense, he resolved to devote himself to mezzotint engraving—a profession in which he presently acquired a foremost position, which, until he retired some thirty years ago, he continued

past, and Sir Frederick Leighton's stately speeches have become (Academically) classical efforts; the Prince of Wales's jocular references to Mr. Sidney Cooper have passed into the records of contemporary jesting; Lord Rosebery's most humorous fancy sketch of Ministerial imaginativeness is, doubtless, docketed among the copy for a possible volume of "Casual Speeches"; and still a few further speeches are published to the world, and the year's artistic excitement is bowing itself into the past amid a sunset of oratory.

Therefore, we record, after the Academy banquet, the banquet of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, under the presidency of Sir Charles Tennant. It may not be generally known that the object of this institution, which was founded somewhere about the year 1814, is to afford relief to distressed artists and their widows and orphans. The gross income of the institution last year, for example, was £5626, £1741 of which, in accordance with the excellent rules of the institution,



GRANDES MANŒUVRES DE L'ESCADRE DU NORD: ATTAQUE DU BÂTIMENT AMIRAL PAR LES TORPILLEURS.—P. JOBERT.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

to hold. Pictures by Landseer, by Leslie, by David Cox—of all of whom he was a fast friend—were engraved by him with remarkable success, and he enrolled himself among the first members of the Graphic Society. A correspondent, writing to a contemporary, notes that, "like his contemporaries, Cousins, Pye, Robert Wallis, and Thomas Landseer, he lived a quiet, abstemious life, with the result that, like them, he reached an unusually great age."

The opening of the great spring exhibitions of the year, and the end of the excitement consequent thereupon, has thrown the art world into a comparative condition of dulness. The little exhibitions which have been opening and shutting like morning flowers have also for the moment ceased their fluttering, and the art world seems buried in a profound peace. Painters are hurrying away for some brief and well-earned holiday, and the galleries are surrendered into the hands of the—shall one say?—Philistines.

The boom of the great openings has found its final echoes in the series of banquets which have been provided here and there at the tables of art. The Royal Academy banquet is, of course, now a thing of the

is to be refunded, since this sum was in the form of legacies. The usual toasts were, of course, given at the banquet, which resulted in donations and subscriptions amounting to £2204.

The nominations of the new R.A.'s and the new A.R.A.'s have not been very exciting either in their expectations or in their results. Mr. MaeWhirter's landscapes are familiar enough to the most casual visitor at Burlington House, and Mr. Woods's Anglo-Venetian work has had considerable vogue, particularly among painters themselves. As for Mr. Henry Moore, he is, in truth, as "Atlas," of the *World*, says, "one of the few members of the Royal Academy whose name is honoured outside their own country. That is, of course, true enough; and Mr. Moore's seas have, indeed, well deserved all the admiration that has been lavished upon them; but they begin to grow a trifle monotonous. The sea itself has enormous variety, but Mr. Henry Moore has, it seems, but one sea to paint."

The choice of Mr. North as Associate was a dull enough selection. Mr. North has never been what is known under the dubious title of a "popular painter." Indeed, it may be doubted whether his name has

ever come with any familiarity to the ears of the average outsider. Many papers, indeed, have described him summarily as a "water-colour painter," whereas he paints with equal ease in oils as well as in colours. Fred Walker is said to have been more or less a pupil of his, and, indeed, the work of the two men shows considerable affinity. He has completed, for instance, some unfinished paintings by Walker, and has displayed in the performance quite a remarkable ability.

Mr. Arthur Croft has provided for the public a show at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, which, although it has taken him only three years to complete, consists of two hundred works. He has travelled, moreover, in search of subjects through Switzerland, Scotland, America, in Cornwall and by the Nile. The work is, to take it generally, painstaking and careful. It is certainly not gay, nor is it sunny, but it is, for the most part, well drawn, and discovers a certain artistic industry which is satisfactory enough, if not exactly calculated to excite enthusiasm of a wilder kind.

A more interesting exhibition is now on view at the Fine Art Society's rooms in the shape of a double collection of works by Mr. F. G. Cotman and Mr. Percy Macquoid. Mr. Cotman, far unlike Mr. Croft, has a real sense of sunshine in the landscapes, to which he is clearly devoted. Mr. Percy Macquoid has turned his attention chiefly to figures and animals, over which he discovers a certain refined sense of gracefulness and a high conception of colour, which make his pictures extremely interesting.

We publish in these pages certain specimen pictures of the Paris Salon which are likely to interest our readers. M. Benjamin-Constant's "Portrait de Lady Hélène Vincent" is a highly decorative piece of work, and, if conceived in a somewhat eccentric spirit, the conception has been carried out with thoroughness and goodwill. The character of the sitter's face, too, is charmingly executed,

less so the critical notices which have been flooding London since the opening of the Exhibition. It is, of course, a commonplace to note the fact that no two critics ever by any possibility agree over the qualities discoverable in the bulk of the pictures; but this year one seems to detect



MARKET BOAT.—BY G. C. HAITE, R.B.A.

Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

more jostling of the various schools of paint which find representation on the walls of Burlington House. There is, accordingly, more room for general hostility, and there is scarcely a picture there hanging which would not afford the text of some hot dispute. Take, for example, such a picture as Mr. Frank Bramley's "After Fifty Years." One critic cannot speak with sufficient enthusiasm of the work. The white of paint, he observes, shows dull by real snow and dead by a ray of light; what magical insight has so caught the relations between colour that an illusion so perfect should have been accomplished? And another answers that those relations have been the Parisian stock-in-trade these ten years; that once the glamour of this scientific fact has passed, you are presently aware of the terribly parochial subject chosen by the painter and of the parochial manner in which it has been carried out. Or take Mr. Chevallier Tayler's picture of a summer dinner party. The same critic has nothing but enthusiasm for the light of the evening sky and the light of the lamps in the room. But, answers another, can such an achievement blind me to the extraordinary everyday character of these figures in evening dress arguing upon some ineffably uninteresting subject?

The book of reproductions of Academy pictures published by the *Magazine of Art* is undoubtedly an interesting issue, and forms, indeed, an elaborate and monumental kind of memorial to an exhibition that perhaps does not need so emphasising and so stereotyping. Nevertheless, the country cousin is a numerous tribe, and the country cousin dearly loves her Academy. She ticks off her favourite pictures in her catalogue with so conscientious a devotion to the point of honour that it cannot but fill her with the keenest pleasure when she acquires these precious documents actually set forth in form without colour. This is to jest. In all seriousness, the publication is a useful little volume.



A FRUIT SHOP.—BY MORTIMER MENPES.

Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

only the line of the left arm, drooping straight from the shoulder, is a little awkward and uninteresting. "La Toilette des Communiantes," by M. Thomas, is one of those naïve subjects which, if treated cleverly, have in them considerable quiet humour. The nun is engaged pinning one young communicant's veil over her head, while another waits for her turn. There is a good deal of restrained character about the figures, a restraint which is very welcome in these days, when art is more used to scream than to speak "low and sweet." A third picture is M. Jamin's "Le Brenn et sa part du Boutin." The composition of the nude figures is, perhaps, a little conventional, but it is conventionally charming, and the lustful and cruel character of the man standing at the doorway is very completely expressed. The decoration of the apartment, the battle friezes, the nude statue in the centre of the room—all go to make up a rather powerful ensemble. A fourth picture, "Grandes Manœuvres de l'Escarde du Nord," has, perhaps, too much of a technical interest about it to please such of us as desire pure aestheticism and nothing more; the thing is photographic and admirably correct, however—qualities which may give it a high value in the eyes of some admirers of technical art.

The walls of the Academy literally bristle with controversial matter, and no



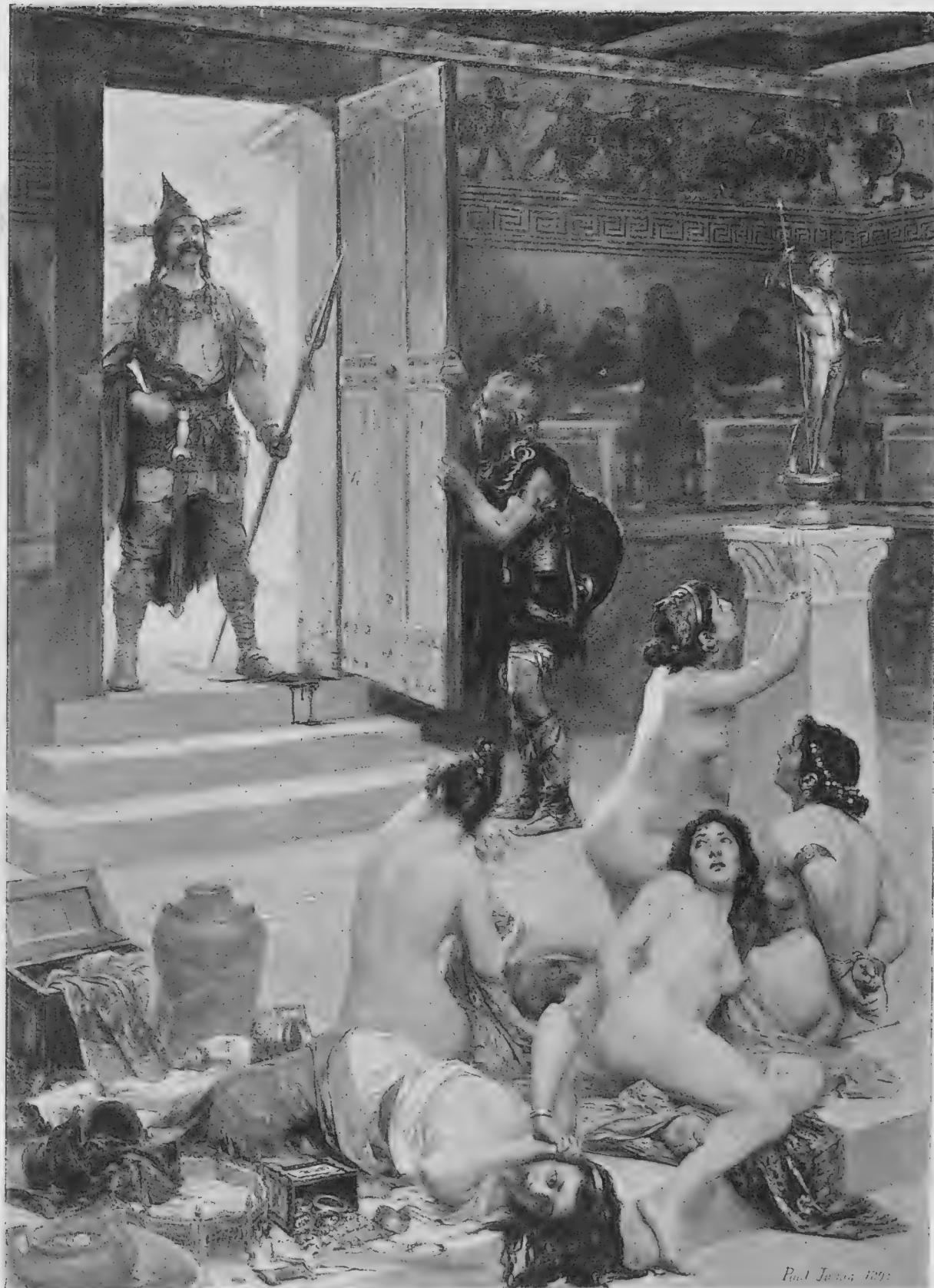
A JOYOUS MORNING.—BY RICHARD WANE.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



LA TOILETTE DES COMMUNIANTES.—P. THOMAS.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



LE BRENN ET SA PART DU BUTIN.—P. J. JAMIN.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

A CHAT WITH MR. E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A., ON HIS ACADEMY PICTURES.

It is now some years ago, writes a representative of *The Sketch*, since I was accorded the privilege of an interview with Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., just after the occasion of his election to the Associateship. He lived then away in Bayswater, in a quiet and shady street nearly opposite Palace Gardens; and we conversed in general terms on the subject of his art and of his relation to that pictorial world which he had chosen as his vocation to realise upon his canvas. He struck me on that occasion as a man who understood precisely what his own aims in art were, and who quietly and conscientiously set about the fulfilment of them. He made no pretence to pose; he sheltered himself behind no foolish paradox. He reminded one of his pictures, which are full of directness, simplicity, and frankness.

When it was suggested to me that I should again interview Mr. Waterlow, and on this occasion on the subject of his pictures hanging in the present Academy, I greeted the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with so interesting and resolute an artist.

He has left the wilds of Bayswater meanwhile, and now lives high up in St. John's Wood in a spacious house at Maresfield Gardens. The studio into which I was presently ushered is, in its general effect, a blue-and-white room, lofty, large, cool, and comfortable. The blue-and-white wins a foil in tiles of a most delicate green which encircle the fireplace. Mr. Alma-Tadema's portrait of Mr. Waterlow hangs on one of the walls.

I had not waited long before Mr. Waterlow entered the room, and, after preliminary greeting, proclaimed himself ready for any ordeal through which I should feel inclined to put him. I questioned him, therefore, without further delay, upon his Academy pictures as regarded from his own point of view. "We have enough of critics," I explained in apology for my request; "their point of view may be—not often—is—interesting, although, for the most part, this is so to no one but themselves. Suppose we make an attempt to reach the point of view of the man who provides the subject for the critics to rave about?"

"Well," said Mr. Waterlow, "we had better go through the picture subjects in rotation, and I can give that point of view as we touch upon the details."

I settled comfortably to listen.

"My first picture—and it is the one I set most store by—hangs in the large room. It is six feet in length, and is concerned with an Irish subject. I have called it 'Launching the Salmon Boat,' because that composition best suits the general landscape which I desired to pourtray."

"You are very fond of Irish subjects, are you not?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered; "I have found a quality of light and a picturesqueness of colour and variety there which has much delighted me. This is really taken from the Isle of Achill, in County Mayo. The groups of figures are engaged, laden with nets, in pulling out the boats by the evening light. The sea that rolls in upon the surf is the Atlantic, and it has been my endeavour to relate the lights of sea and land into a harmony, which I, perhaps, have not attained, but of which, at all events, I think I have striven to express the intention."

"And your next picture?" I asked.

"You can see here," he said, rising, "the sketch which I made of the picture which hangs in the first room, called 'The Old Bridge.' The scene is one, you will find, which I afterwards considerably idealised."

"You are not of those, then," I asked, "who hold that Nature must be copied with perfect exactitude, if a man would realise Nature artistically?"

"Not," he answered, "in the present stage of my artistic career, as you may gather from this picture. In this sketch, for example, there is no haze in the middle distance, and the shimmery reeds of the foreground are absent. When I was young, practically beginning my life as an artist," he continued, momentarily wandering from the subject upon which we were engaged, "I realised, indeed, that it was impossible to spend too much time over mastering the details of Nature. I followed Ruskin implicitly. It seemed to me—indeed, it seems to me now also—that before it is possible to generalise a landscape you must know

exactly what your model contains. For that reason you must study and overcome every detail of that model. It is ridiculous to begin with what is now called impressionism."

"How so?"

"Because an impression is gained by the rejection of seen details, not by the expression of a defective vision."

"But," I asked, "in such a picture as this you consider it perfectly legitimate to idealise, to combine, to invent detail—to compose, in a word, a beautiful aspect of Nature which Nature herself did not actually, in that single scene, reveal to your eyes?"

"Certainly," he answered; "you must begin by being a humble follower of Nature: that is a truth which cannot be contravened. It is afterwards, when by humility you have learned her secrets, that you are permitted, in a sense, to share her privacy and invent her secrets for her."

"That," I said, "accounts for an artistic development such as yours has been."



MR. ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.
A Sketch from life.

"And I hope," he answered, "that it may account for further development. Nothing shocks me more than to be confronted by my earliest work. Sometimes, indeed, I am prepared to find it so bad that I am surprised to detect virtue in parts of it. But the fact remains that it is only by some artistic theory of selection and rejection that any artistic development can be expected.—Otherwise one remains stranded in mud."

"And what about the third picture you exhibit in the Academy?" I asked.

"That," he said, "is a Devonshire subject, and hangs in the fourth room. It is also a late afternoon subject; the light is in the south, and streams from above the spectator—so that the whole aspect, the fat elms, the grass burnt up into yellow patches, show golden. The group of figures and the cottage are golden; I have tried to express the golden particles of the envelope of air that hangs over the picture. It is, in fact, a study in light."

I took leave therewith of the artist, and presently sought the Academy to relate his words with his achievement. Let any who reads these lines do likewise, and they are not likely to be in any way disappointed.

MAY 17, 1893.

THE SKETCH.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A WANDERING MINSTREL.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



QUEEN OF THE MAY.

DRAWN BY R. SAUBER.



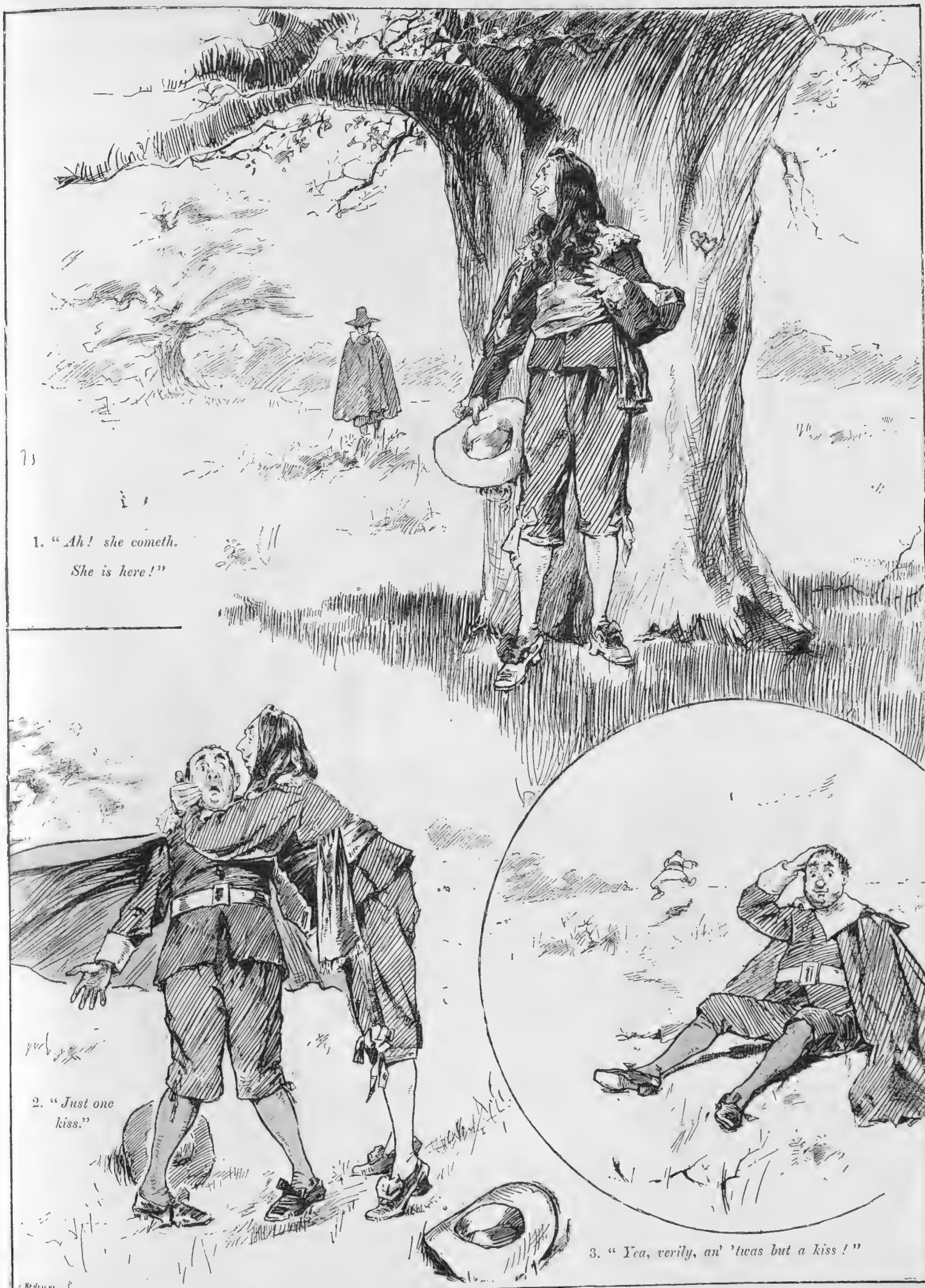
OLD GENT : " Well, and are you going to be a soldier some day, Tommy ? "

TOMMY : " No, thanks, I 'm sick of nursemaids."



To GOVERNESS APPLYING FOR SITUATION: "I don't, of course, expect from you any unusual Androgynal characteristics, but a slight knowledge of Pneumatology and of the theory of Philoprogenitiveness as applied to Bacteria would, I think, be essential."

(*The Professor evidently didn't want to engage the lady.*)



A SORRY JEST.



LEGAL EXPRESSIONS.—No. I.
The effect of an amusing witness in court.

WANTED, A GRIEVANCE.



1. An indignation meeting of Irishmen was lately held in New York to protest against the bestowal of Irish names upon some of the monkeys in a zoological garden in Central Park. Our own Pat, who had the pleasure of being as indignant as any of 'em says: It's a disappointed man I was with the United Shtates entoirely! Whin I furrst got there it seemed a swate purty place for a bhoy to begin loife in, an' sorra a Saxon devil to oppress ye, but jest do as ye plaze.

2. But, begorra! when I'd done as I plazed for a little whoile, and me and the pig as fat as margarine, says the pig wan day, "It's moighty slow, I'm thinkin' it, with sorra a grievance to kick up a row about!" And thin I persaved what ut was that was wantin' — w^e was poining for the Saxon oppressor!

3. But presently the blissid saints come to our rescue, for what shud I see in the newspaper wan day but they was namin' the manest an' ugliest bastes in the z'logical gardens wid Irish names, so they was!

Then I up an' say to the pig, "James," ses I, "here's a grievance at last by the blissin' o' the saints, an' now we can kick up a ruction and be continted!" ses I. "Right for ye, Patrick darlin'!" ses the pig.

J. F.
JULIAN



SKETCH OF AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL AT THE ALHAMBRA.

"Now, ladies, this way, please."

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"EXTINCT MONSTERS."^{*}

If, owing to the great strides made of late years in the physical sciences, such as electricity, the public mind has been more or less led away from the study and contemplation of the antediluvian inhabitants of our world, it should be, to some extent, led back again by Mr. Hutchinson's most



THE BRONTOSAURUS.

interesting book, of which a new edition has just been issued. There are fashions in all things, even in the sciences; and just now the fashion seems to be either electricity or else the study of those evil little enemies of mankind known as bacteria. But we hope that those who care at all for natural history will recollect that, in the words of a poet—

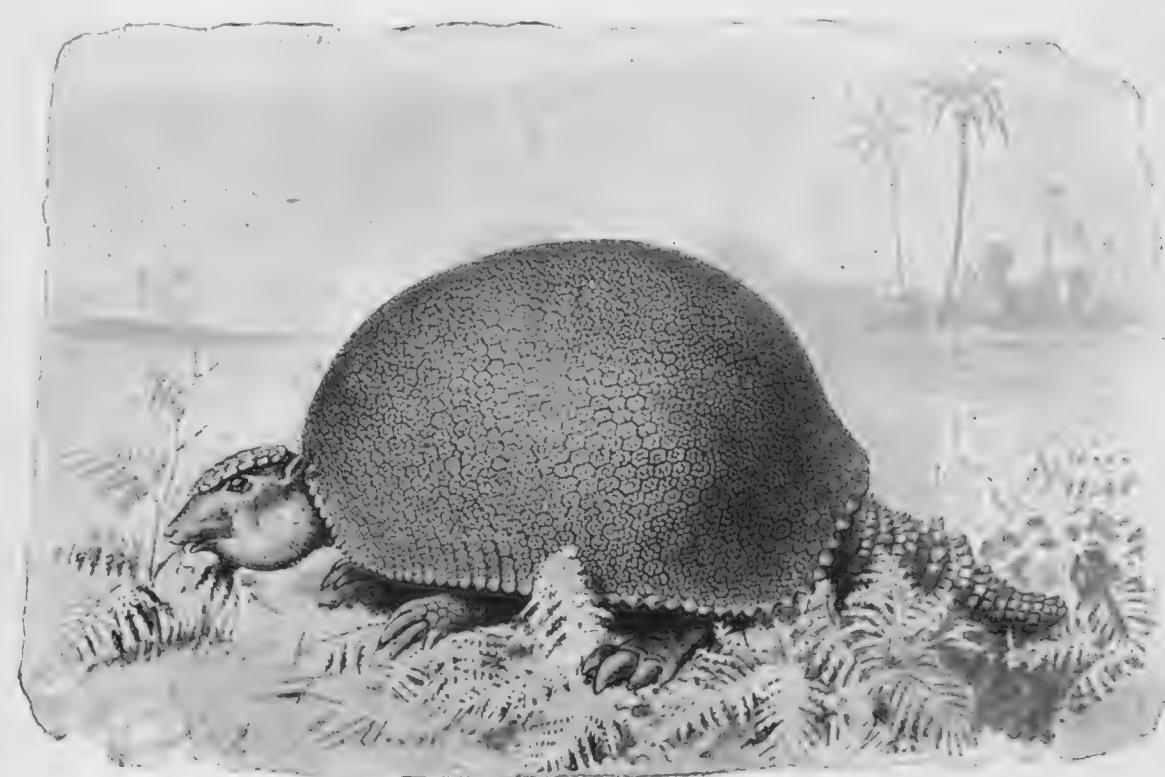
The earth hath gathered to her breast again,
And yet again, the millions that were born
Of her unnumbered, unremembered tribes.

In their admiration for the present they forget the past. Our natural history books deal only with creatures living now. How little is done to bring to mind the host of strange animals that once trod this earth! Few, if any, popular writers have attempted to depict, as on a canvas, the great earth-drama that has from age to age been enacted on the terrestrial stage. There is now, thanks to the labours of paleontologists, such as the late Sir Richard Owen, Huxley, Marsh, Cope, Filhol, and others, a vast amount of material for reconstructing and revivifying the strange and huge forms of life that have perished and become for ever extinct—only to live in the minds of students of fossil bones. It is not easy to understand why the wonderful discoveries of American paleontologists, not to mention some important European discoveries, should have attracted so little notice in this country. In the far and "Wild West" of North America a host of strange reptiles and quadrupeds have been unearthed from their rocky sepulchres, often of incredibly huge proportions, and in many cases more weird and strange than the imagination could conceive; yet, till now, the public

have never heard of these discoveries, by the side of which the now well-known "lost creations" of Cuvier, Buckland, or Conybeare sink into the shade. As Professor Huxley has said, it is almost as if a new country had been discovered, as rich in novel forms of life as Brazil or South America once were to Europeans.

It is now about forty years since that enthusiastic geologist, Dr. Gideon Mantell, wrote "The Medals of Creation," and other books which did good service in their day, but are now no longer "up to date." But even he did not venture to make "restorations" of the animals whose remains he so well described. This was reserved for a clever artist, Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, whose huge models of extinct saurians, beasts, and pterodactyls may still be seen in a corner of the grounds of the Crystal Palace. But we learn from Mr. Hutchinson's book that many of these are hopelessly wrong, being often based on very incomplete evidence. Some are certainly awful examples of "how not to do it." For instance, the Iguanodon and the Megalosaurus were in those days so imperfectly known that their *proper* restoration was impossible. Now we have complete skeletons from different parts of the world, and they turn out to be very different from the models of Mr. W. Hawkins. To see how they ought to be restored, in the light of modern knowledge, one cannot do better than turn to the beautiful plates—twenty-four in number—with which this most readable book is illustrated:

The author has been fortunate in securing for the difficult work of restoration the services of Mr. J. Smit, who is well known for his beautiful drawings of animals in various books and in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society." These drawings have won the approval of so high an authority as Dr. Henry Woodward, F.R.S., Keeper of Geology at the great Natural History Museum, whither we advise our readers to go, book in hand, and study the splendid collection of specimens of ancient life. They will find our author a skilful and trustworthy guide through "the valley of dry bones," and his vivid reproductions of the "monsters" as they appeared in the flesh will give them more assistance than many

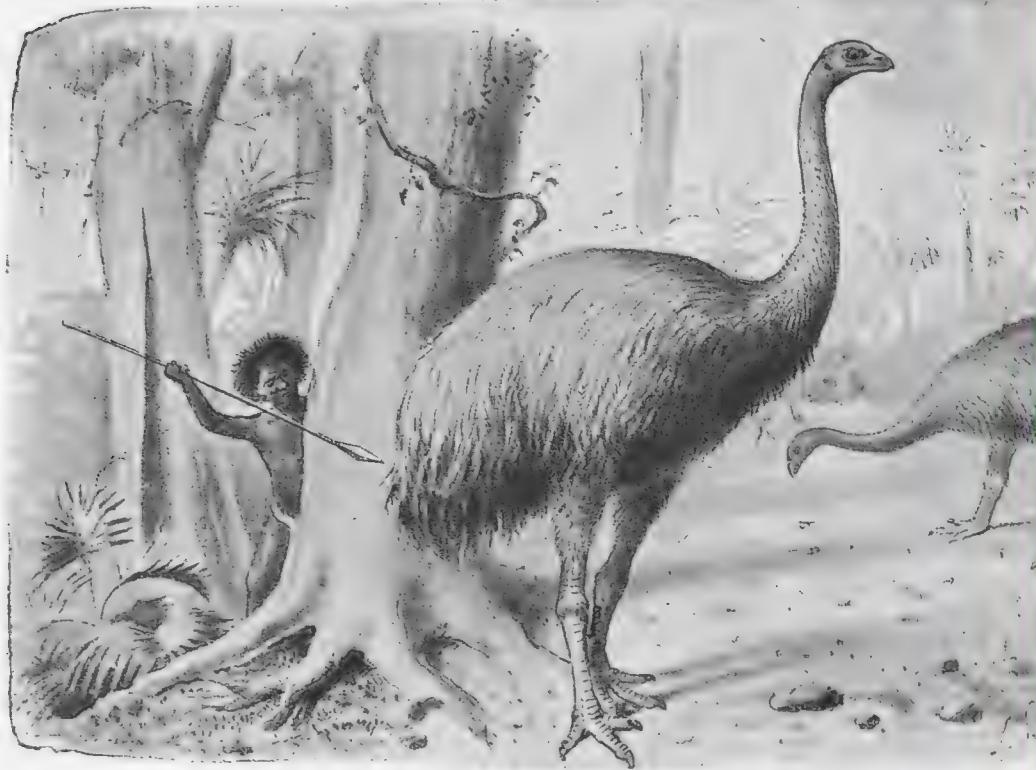


THE GLYPTODON.

pages of dry description. As the author shows in his preface, one of the principal objects he had in view in writing the book was to help visitors to this museum to understand what they see. "To the ordinary public it is not much use merely to gaze at skeletons set up in museums. We long to cover their nakedness with flesh and skin and to see them as they were when they walked this earth. . . . We venture to hope

antlers, having a s
peat beds in Irela

Readers of thi
many difficulties a
comrades in search
Mr. Hutchinson s



THE MOA BIRD.

that those who will take the trouble to peruse this book, or even to look at its pictures, on which much labour and thought have been expended, will find pleasure in visiting the splendid geological collection at South Kensington. We have often watched visitors walking somewhat aimlessly among those relics of a former world, and wished that we could be of some service."

A truly wonderful creature was the Brontosaurus, a dinosaurian reptile some 60 ft. in length, discovered and dug out by Professor Marsh in one of his numerous expeditions to the West. It was a stupid, slow-moving creature, with a long neck and small head, containing but a small brain. Doubtless, it made up by its size and strength for what it lacked in cleverness. Each of the tracks it made when walking must have been a square yard in extent, and probably its "live weight" was 20 tons. But even this monster was exceeded in size by the Atlantosaurus, whose thigh bone was 6 ft. 4 in. long. Another huge monster, perhaps the most wonderful of all, was a great horned dinosaur—the Triceratops, recently found by Marsh in the Laramie (Cretaceous) beds of the North-West.

On the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains there was found by two of Professor Marsh's fellow-workers another uncouth monster, the Stegosaurus. This creature, some 25 ft. in length, had quite a small skull; but its most remarkable feature was a long row of huge bony plates all down the middle of the back, and four pairs of huge spines on its tail. Thus it was heavily armoured, and doubtless proved quite a match for some of the other carnivorous dinosaurs that prowled about seeking something to devour. The Glyptodon was a huge armadillo from the Pampas region of South America. It had a cuirass or large plate of armour covering the whole body, but allowing the head to show in front, while the legs came out beneath. Both head and tail were protected with armour. The Moa bird was actually 12 ft. high. Its skeleton and eggs have been found in New Zealand, and it was probably exterminated by the Maoris. The Irish deer was a truly noble creature, with huge, heavy

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THE IRIS

